



No. 431.—Vol. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS JANETTE STEER AS MARIE ANTOINETTE IN "THE QUEEN'S DOUBLE,"

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARNETT (LATE JOHN EDWARDS), HYDE PARK CORNER.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Kaiser as a Borussen—The Strait of Sunda—Chinese in Singapore—Some Chinese Dishes.*

THE Kaiser is certainly a wonderful speech-maker, and nothing could have been happier than his address to the Society of Students at Bonn. The tiny *kepi* of these Societies—one of which, that of the Borussen Corps, the Emperor put on his head as he entered the hall of meeting—always looks ridiculous to all eyes except those of a German student, but to him it is the outward sign of one of the closest bonds of friendship in the world. The German Emperor, talking as an old student to students, struck exactly the right note of *camaraderie*, and his speech will have given pleasure to University men all the world over. The Kaiser sang right lustily the choruses of the student songs, and led the tremendous thumping of the table with beer-mugs which greets any popular toast at these gatherings.

The *Ophir* has made her number at the signal-station in Java where the Strait, between the two big islands of Java and Sumatra, narrows down to little more than fifteen miles, and has now passed through the seas where islands are made or disappear in a few hours and is steaming in clear waters towards Australia. I was at Singapore when the eruption at Krakatoa took place, and heard the reports, as of a heavy bombardment, which gave warning that some great disturbance was taking place. The convulsion of nature brought about many phenomena in sky and sea, and the tales that were told by sailors who had been near the Strait when the eruption took place were very wonderful. One sailing-ship which put into Singapore had the copper near her water-line burnished to a great brightness, and this had been done by the pumice-stone which was thrown up by the volcano and floated on the surface of the water. The Captain told me that for two days he sailed through a sea covered with dust and porous stone.

The moonlight procession organised by the Chinese of Singapore, in which transparent dragons and other strange translucent monsters were borne, seems to have pleased the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York greatly, almost as much as the torchlight procession of elephants in Kandy.

It must be admitted that the Chinese all the world over have the gift of organising wonderful pageants in which there is a mixture of the beautiful with the grotesque, and the Celestial mercantile community at Singapore, being a rich one, and not being under the necessity of concealing the fact, as would be the case in China, indulges on all possible occasions in these pretty and harmless displays, the merchants subscribing to give their poorer compatriots a treat. Free theatrical entertainments in bamboo theatres run up on any vacant plot of land near a great man's house, and dinners of innumerable courses, in which European dishes alternate with Chinese ones, are two other forms of entertainment to provide which the rich Chinaman spends his money liberally. The Duke and Duchess were spared the theatre and the feast, for one always means a headache—the music, of drums and cymbals, being of the most aggressive description—and the other generally means another ache.

It is impossible, however, to shirk all the dishes that look strange at a Chinese dinner, for one's Celestial neighbours have a hospitable habit of picking up tit-bits with their chop-sticks from their own plates and putting them in one's mouth. Little squares of raw fish dipped in sweet sauce, pieces of shark's fins which were of a height that lovers of high game have never dreamed of, I managed to swallow on occasion; but I was utterly defeated when a worthy merchant once popped into my mouth a neat little ball of cold pig's-liver wrapped round a prune.

Some of the dishes at a Chinese feast are very curious, and a few of them are not at all unpleasant to the taste. Bird's-nest soup is now almost as well known in England as in China—though we generally kill the delicacy of the taste of the glutinous substance by putting it into too strong consommé—and is good to drink all the world over. The buried eggs, the yolks of which are quite black, and which are sometimes many years of age, are not at all unpleasant. And chicken-soup with bamboo shoots in it, a salad of small fish and bamboo shoots, and some of the sweets are very good to the taste. Some of the *plats*, however, are real culinary horrors. A combination of onions, pepper, and a sweet and sticky gravy with badly cooked pork, is the basis of many of the dishes, and seaweed has a way of making itself unexpectedly known to the taste in dishes which to the eye appear to be sweets.

A mixture of sponge-cake, hot syrup, and some kind of meat seemed to me, when I was endeavouring to eat it, the nastiest food I had ever partaken of. Pig's lungs and sea-slugs in a stew formed another dish that even curiosity did not enable me to tackle.

The edible dogs are a very expensive luxury, and, though I was asked to Chinese dinners both at Canton and Hong-Kong, "bow-wow" was never in the menu. I know what the smell of rat-soup is like, for outside the gates of the officers' quarters at Hong-Kong a Chinaman sold, in the very early morning, steaming cups of the broth to the coolies going to their work, and the orderly officer on his way to inspect rations had to pass this refreshment-stall. When within thirty yards of it, I used to draw a long breath, hold my nose, and run sixty yards. If the taste of rat-soup is anything like the smell, it must be the most horrible liquid to drink in the world.

## WHIRROO FOR "THE EMERALD ISLE"!

WHAT a treat once more to see a musico-dramatic piece that may fairly be called a work of art! To have a coherent tale wittily told, embellished by lyrics always really graceful or humorous, and always neatly written, and to watch a performance sincerely given as representation of a work entitled to respect, and, above all, to listen to music rich in refined melody and harmonised and orchestrated with remarkable skill! After recent events, one is almost staggered and quite delighted by "The Emerald Isle," which maintains the tradition of the Savoy, a theatre whose position in history is unique. Of course, there was a feeling of sadness in the house at the thought of Sullivan gone in the middle of his task, and Carte too. The greater then the pleasure, perhaps selfish, at the idea that their work may still go on, and London continue to have a playhouse which steadily adheres to a high ideal of art, although its staple is only comic opera, in the name of which more horrors have been thrust recently on the public than in the name of any other form of art. Everybody by now knows the ingenious story contrived by

CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD

concerning the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the rebels, headed by Terence O'Brian, the descendant of Brian Boru, and a great many of the author's neat jokes in the Tom Hood style, some of which were so fine as only to catch part of the audience at first. I cannot help quoting one specimen—

And if Æsop wrote his fables  
In the present year of grace,  
He, perhaps, would turn the tables  
On the tortoise in the race.

For which goes quicker on ahead and stays the faster there,  
The imitation tortoiseshell or imitation hare?

Certainly, without making odious comparisons, I can honestly say that in Captain Basil Hood we have the legitimate successor to Mr. Gilbert—a successor, too, with a real vein of sentiment which enabled him to write a passage of pure prettiness between Molly and her banished sweetheart that caused many to hide their eyes with their glasses. Moreover, Mr. Edward German has shown amazing skill in

CATCHING THE SULLIVAN SPIRIT,

and few even of the keenest critics could have guessed that Sir Arthur had written only the melody of most of the numbers appearing under his name, for the instrumentation seemed pure Sullivan. It would be difficult to make a choice among the many charming numbers of the music, delightful in its unforced Irish flavour; but one cannot overlook the beautiful song, "Oh, Setting Sun," entirely by Mr. Edward German, the curious, charming fairy song with a haunting, mysterious refrain, "Da Luan, da Mort; da Luan, da Mort Angus da Dardine"—the exact meaning, if any, of which one is curious to know. There is a remarkably good patter-song, most deftly written by Mr. German, and a quaint Old English ballad,

"SONG OF THE DEVONSHIRE MEN,"

unctuously sung in rich Devon dialect; and one might name half-a-dozen more charming, interesting compositions, some sounding as if pure Sullivan, whilst others clearly indicate the new composer.

The company is admirable. Miss Rosina Brandram's delightful singing and sound acting were very serviceable. Mr. Passmore, now one of the oldest Savoyards, was irresistibly funny as Professor Bunn, of Bath, the low-comedian on whose tricks and wiles the plot hangs. Clever alike as singer, dancer, and actor, Mr. Passmore is scrupulously careful always to keep within the frame. Two beautiful young ladies, Miss Isabel Jay and Miss Louie Pounds, represented England and Ireland delightfully, and the acting of the latter in her pathetic scene with Mr. Lytton was excellent: he throughout played and sang capitally. Mr. Robert Evett, the tenor, sang agreeably, and Miss Gaston-Murray, the English soubrette, was full of gaiety. A word of praise, too, for Mr. Crompton, the honey-voiced Devon Sergeant, who nearly made me roll off my seat for laughing.

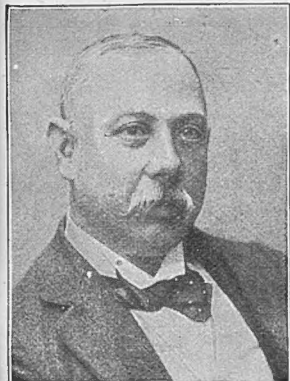
## "THE QUEEN'S DOUBLE," AT THE GARRICK.

IT is unlucky that two plays should have been produced in one week concerning the famous pearl necklace which caused great sorrow to Marie Antoinette. It would be interesting, but perhaps somewhat indiscreet, to draw comparisons between the performances of Mrs. Langtry and Miss Steer, each as the Queen and her double. One must, however, express admiration of the skill shown by Miss Steer in the rather puzzling part of Léonie de Méricourt, who seems to be at the same time leader of the *sans-culottes* and protectress of the Queen. Mr. Mackintosh, of course, played effectively as the unfortunate Cardinal de Rohan, chief dupe of the strange conspiracy; and it is needless to say that the part of de la Motte, the wickedest of all, was safe in the hands of Miss Eleanor Calhoun. Pretty Miss Lettice Fairfax was charming in a comparatively small part. One of the chief figures in the Garrick version is a Vicomte de Courtebas. Viscount "Shortstocking" is a very wicked fellow who has made love to the Queen unsuccessfully, and, being repulsed, works against her with all the passionate wickedness of a melodrama villain. Mr. Edward O'Neill played the part with a good deal of power. Without calling "The Queen's Double" a very valuable work of art, one may say, at least, that it is a handsomely mounted, picturesque piece.



## THE CITY'S CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER.

LONDON owes an immeasurable debt of gratitude to its devoted Medical Officers of Health, through whose self-sacrificing labours the Metropolis is the healthiest Capital in the World. They cannot be too much honoured. In the front rank of these estimable public servants is the eldest son of Mr. William H. Collingridge, of Enfield and the *City Press*, Dr. William Collingridge, M.A., M.D., LL.M., who, after twenty-one years' zealous service as Medical Officer of the Port of London, eminently deserved promotion to his present position. He is thoroughly well qualified to fill the office of the City's Chief Medical Officer of Health. He served as a Volunteer Surgeon when a student during the Turco-Servian War, and became an ardent Volunteer on his return to England, doing yeoman service in the Field Battery of the "H.A.C.," and later as Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the new Militia Medical Staff Corps.



DR. COLLINGRIDGE, M.A., M.D.,  
NEW MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH  
FOR THE CITY OF LONDON.

## TOTTENHAM HOTSPURS' VICTORY.

Tottenham Hotspur are to be heartily congratulated upon the successful result of their endeavours in connection with the Association Cup competition. It looked at one portion of the season as if they were unable to crow away from their own midden. To find a cause for this would be exceedingly difficult, as the team, directly after failure in an out-match, invariably gave proof of their excellent quality at home. In the Cup-ties this difference in form was not so apparent. While they proved no better than Preston North End at Tottenham, the Spurs were victorious on Lancashire soil. It was perhaps fortunate for them that the match against Bury (holders) was played at Tottenham. Subsequently they had to play on strange grounds, and it seemed as if they made a virtue of necessity, for, while at Aston they, as it were, "walked over" West Bromwich Albion and so reached the final, they made quite as good a show as Sheffield United before

the crowd of over a hundred thousand which assembled at the Crystal Palace. Some misgivings were entertained as to

## THE "REPLAY" AT BOLTON,

but last Saturday's experiences proved them to have been unwarranted. Never did a team give stronger evidence of a desire to do their best for their Club. They began in a manner which greatly impressed those present—some forty thousand—at Burnden Park, and, had their attempts at goal-kicking been equal to their general play, they would soon have gained an advantage. Then, when hotly pressed, their defence showed no weakness, and it was due only to a superb example of play by Needham (Sheffield United's esteemed Captain), Lipsham, and Priest that their colours were lowered shortly before half-time. The loss apparently induced them to show much care early in the second half, but when, seven minutes after the interval, they had also scored a goal, their play rose to such a pitch of excellence as to make the result almost appear a foregone conclusion. Twice again Tottenham scored, and by three goals to one they secured a thoroughly well-deserved victory. In each of Tottenham's successes the final kick was

## ADMINISTERED BY BROWN,

but equal praise must be given to all the forwards, and, indeed, to the whole of the team, as they played throughout in most commendable and unselfish fashion. One might feel a little more pride if these players were really Southerners and not importations, but there is much gratification in that the Cup has returned to the South after many years. The pleasant duty of handing away Cup and medals was performed by Lord Kinnaird, who, first as player and now as President of the Football Association, has always shown great interest in the game.

## COMMENCEMENT OF CRICKET.

Differences of opinion may exist concerning the action taken in the matter of throwing and the rule regarding leg-before-wicket, but it is safe to say that the delights of cricket in 1901 will not thereby be lessened. Zest may be imparted to pavilion gossip, but there will be no loss of friendship. With a match against Notts and their annual general meeting and dinner, the Marylebone Club open the season this day (Wednesday); Surrey and the London County Club make a start—not in the presence of a hundred thousand spectators—at the Crystal Palace on May 2; and the following week will see the game in full swing. The plan of playing Colts' matches before there has been much opportunity for practice is still pursued.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION AND OF THE FINE ART GALLERIES, TO BE OPENED ON MAY 2 BY H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF FIFE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNAN, OF GLASGOW.



## A SNAPSHOT OF SIMS AND A MINIATURE OF MERRICK.

*A Chat re their New Court Card—(or Comedy)—and Other Things.*

WHEN I first knew George R. Sims, he was a very young man just starting in Journalism—a crime of which I was just then beginning to be guilty myself. That was some years before he became what he is still, the always up-to-date DAGONET of the *Referee*. As a matter of fact, it was some years before the *Referee* was born, and we were—together with that paper's present able Editor, Richard Butler—being brought out on *Fun* by the subsequent *Referee's* founder, that powerful writer and firm friend, the late Henry Sampson.

Sims was then (among other things) *Fun's* "Lunatic Laureate," and I could not help thinking, when I again caught him away from his "Mustard and Cress-eries" and up at the well-appointed Regent's Park mansion which he prefers to call "Opposite the Ducks Villa," that he was even more of a Lunatic Laureate than ever, for there he broke out, ever and anon, into snatches of verse or rhyming slang on current topics.

Like the dramatists of the spacious days of great Elizabeth, Sims goes in extensively for collaboration. Among his collaborators have been, in addition to poor Harry Pettitt, Sydney Grundy, Wilson Barrett, Cecil Raleigh, Clement Scott, poor Robert Buchanan (who, alas! will never work again), Arthur Shirley (still working with him), and young Mr. Leonard Merrick, with whom he has written

THE NEW PLAY, "A WOMAN IN THE CASE."

It was concerning this piece, to be produced at the Court to-morrow night by that excellent actor, Mr. Fred Kerr, and that astute manager, Mr. H. T. Brickwell (formerly a gallant Lancer), that I called at "Opposite the Ducks Villa." With old friend Sims I found, of course, young friend Merrick, who has already written with him that strong and varied melodrama, "When the Lamps are Lighted," for John F. Sheridan, and that merry play, "The Elixir of Youth," for the Vaudeville.

Young as the black-eyed, black-haired, Spanish-looking Merrick is, he has already done a great deal of work. At an early age he went on the stage, playing, like "One Man in his time," many parts. In due time, however, he went in for two fresh avocations, namely, matrimony and literature, and succeeded in both. He has already written many brilliant novels, among them being "The Man that was Good!" and that much-discussed theatrical story, "The Actor-Manager."

This Sims-Merrick collaboration is beneficial for both, for Sims, although mature in age and a master of domestic pathos, is always merry, and Merrick, although juvenile and keen on dramatic effect, is mostly



MR. GEORGE R. SIMS ("DAGONET"),  
PART-AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN IN THE CASE"



MR. LEONARD MERRICK,  
PART-AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN IN THE CASE."

*Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne*

mystic—not to say pessi-mystic. Thus they act as a sort of skid upon each other, and their respective value comes out strongly whether in melodrama or in lively comedy, such as their new Court play is.

Now, as to this Sims-Merrick play, "A Woman in the Case," I gathered during our strange and fitful interview that it is in three acts, and that it is written around a young Lady Novelist who pines for realism. The said fictionist, in desiring to find something of this realism

in her hitherto calm and collected husband, is led to believe that he is more realistically involved with regard to Another Woman than is pleasant for her. For a while very disturbing domestic alarms and excursions ensue; and all in the space of Twelve Hours! The entire action of the three episodes is located at the young couple's charming riverside villa. The first Act takes place just after breakfast, the second just after luncheon, and the third just after dinner. Mr. Kerr plays the suddenly and strangely awakened husband, and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis the novel-writing wife. The other principal characters are allotted to that fine comic actor, Mr. W. H. Denny; to Miss Alice Esden, just back from America; to those ever artistic ladies, Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Gertrude Kingston, and Miss Esmé Beringer; and to the young aristocrat who prefers to be known as "Mr. James Erskine."

"In short," said Merrick, "it is a light comedy."

"A CIGAR-LIGHT COMEDY,"

characteristically added Sims, "for it all ends in smoke."

I have said above that the Sims-Merrick collaboration is beneficial to both, and, on arriving at "Opposite the Ducks Villa," I found other than dramatic reasons for this statement. In the first place, there was the walking and running exercise Sims forced upon Merrick by dragging him from this to that lavishly furnished and fitted "work-room," such as the Melodrama Room, the Farceful Comedy Room, the Comic Opera Room, and a specially wonderful chamber called the Moorish Room. Secondly, in the intervals of rapidly writing and more or less fiercely arguing as to this or that situation, George would lure Leonard on to a game of Battledore and Shuttlecock (or "Ping-Pong"). Or Sims would anon relieve the intense Merrick's pent-up feelings by fastening him down to his electrophone and making him listen to excerpts of popular plays.

Anon finding that these strange collaborators began to wear darkened faces over some disputed point of "A Woman in the Case," to be settled before the next rehearsal, that Merrick seemed inclined to use some of Sims's scores of guide-books or of his hundreds of volumes of "notices" as weapons of offence, and that Sims began to cast his eye longingly on one of the terrible Navajas which he brought from Spain, I left them at it, lest I should become witness of some Terrible Deed.

In sooth, it was a Mad Afternoon that I spent in my Sims-Merrick visit by desire of their other true friend and well-wisher, the Editor of *The Sketch*.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

*The Mourning and the Spring-time—Straw-Hats and Fruit-Blossoms—  
The Thames for Salmon—The Early-Closing Puzzle.*

IT was remarkable what a change came over the country on the day when the period of mourning for the Queen ended. By a curious coincidence, it was the beginning of the spell of fine, bright weather, and suddenly spring clothes and coloured dresses appeared in the streets. At the beginning of the week, everyone was in mourning, and the weather was dull and rainy. At the end of the week, it was warm, almost summer weather, and, in obedience to the King's wishes, the national mourning was laid aside. "Queen's weather" came back to us with the expiration of the period of mourning for the Great Queen whose public appearances were so regularly marked by sunshine.

It looked odd to see men wearing straw-hats in April, and for a few days London was absolutely summery. Some enterprising individuals even brought out straw-hats for their horses, and I saw what I presume were the latest fashions in horses' headgear in a hat-shop. However, the east wind soon overcame the sun, and the straw-hats disappeared from heads, if not from shop-windows. But, in spite of the hot sun, the leaves do not seem inclined to come out on the trees, though the fruit-trees have seldom been so beautiful as they are this year. Out by Kew and Hounslow the country is quite white with the blossom in the orchards, and anyone who goes cycling on a half-holiday out that way will see a mass of blossom that has seldom been surpassed.

I hope that the experiment of turning down young salmon into the Thames above Richmond will prove to be successful. But I was talking to an old fisherman the other day, and he pointed out that, unless ladders are provided up which the fish can get into the upper waters, there will never be any stocking of the river. The salmon can get down to the sea from Richmond; but the question is, have proper facilities been supplied to enable the fish to get up the river into the quiet backwaters? Personally, I do not know. Being a "Man in the Street," I know more about fish when they are cooked than when they are in the water.

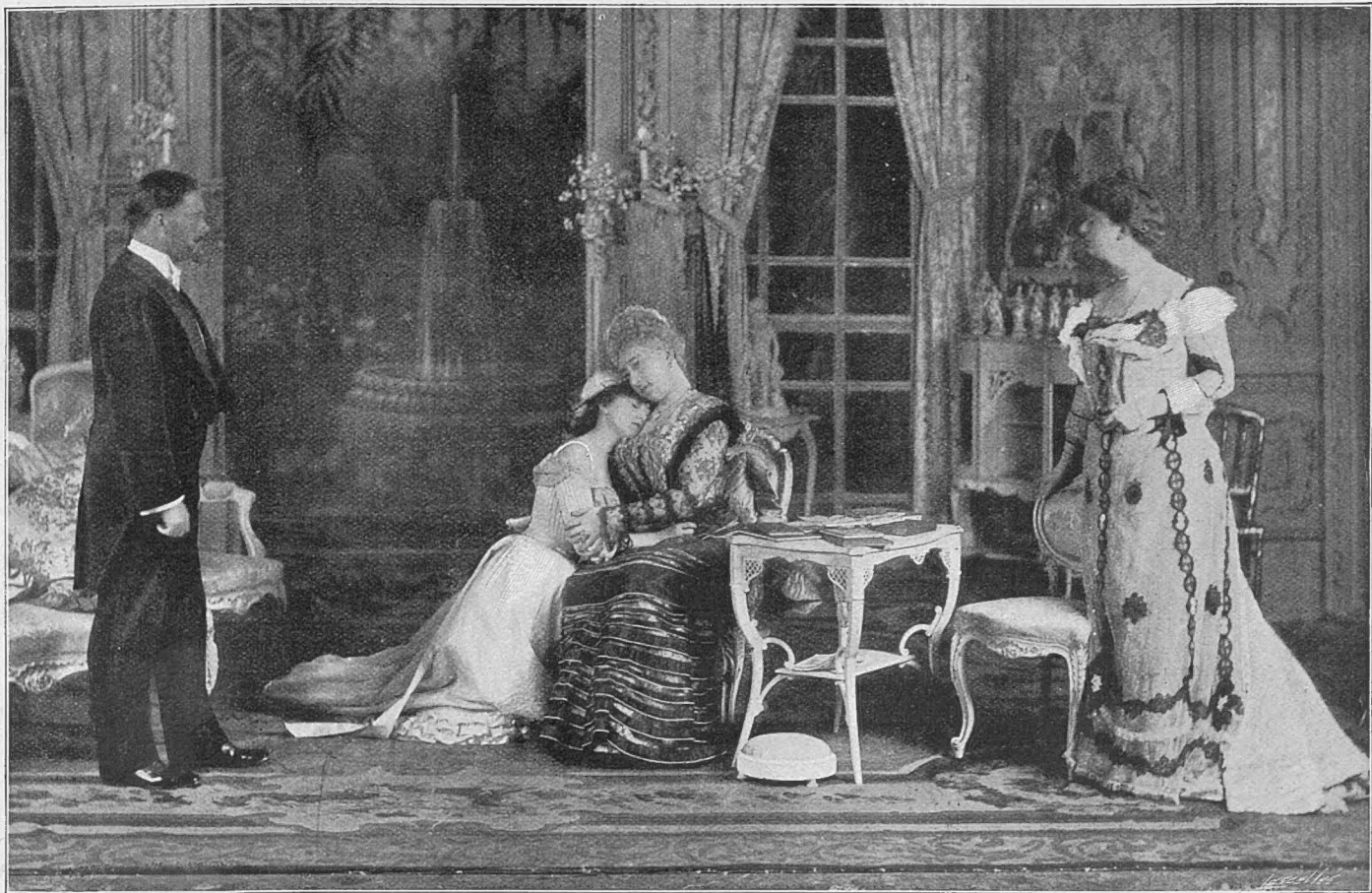
The question of Early Closing of Shops legislation which is being discussed by a Select Committee in the House of Lords is of real interest to "Men in the Street." Everyone will agree that it is absolutely necessary for shop-assistants to have at least one half-holiday in the week, but, if legislation is to be extended to all shops, it will act hardly on men who keep their own little shops and employ no assistants. It would be absurd to force, say, a small tobacconist who runs his own shop to put up his shutters on a half-holiday when he would otherwise do his best trade, and to sit twiddling his thumbs in his back-parlour because the assistants in some huge West-End shop are having a much-needed game of cricket or football. It will be a bit of a puzzle not to be tyrannous to the small trader without being unjust to the assistant.



SCENES FROM "LION HUNTERS," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

*From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*

Suzanne de Villiers (Miss Nina Boucicault).



Roger de Ceran (Mr. Leslie Kenyon).

The Duchesse de Reville (Miss Susie Vaughan).

The Countess de Ceran (Miss Kate Sergeantson).

ACT II.: THE SALON. SUZANNE, HAVING DISCOVERED THAT SHE IS SHUNNED ON ACCOUNT OF THE SHAME ATTACHING TO HER BIRTH, SOBS OUT HER GRIEF ON THE SYMPATHETIC BREAST OF THE DUCHESS DE REVILLE.

The Countess de Ceran  
(Miss Kate Sergeantson).

The Duchesse de Reville  
(Miss Susie Vaughan).

Jeanne Raymond  
(Miss Helen Macbeth).

Paul Raymond  
(Mr. J. L. Mackay).



Lucy Watson (Miss Ierne Fitzgerald). Bellac (Mr. H. B. Irving).

ACT III.: THE CONSERVATORY. BELLAC, THE AESTHETIC PROFESSOR, DEMONSTRATES TO LUCY WATSON, THE STAID AND DIGNIFIED ENGLISH GIRL, THE POSSIBILITY OF A PURELY PSYCHICAL UNION.



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THE brave men who have fought so well in the War are being  
 deservedly honoured. The King is known to be so just that the  
 most distinguished War Correspondents will assuredly receive  
 some recognition in their turn. The Crimean veteran, *doyen* of them  
 all, Sir W. H. Russell, well merited his knighthood. But one of the  
 foremost of the craft, Archibald Forbes, died before his great services  
 were duly rewarded. That famous War Special of the *Daily News*, who  
 helped to make history in the stirring times of the Franco-German,  
 Russo-Turkish, Zulu, and Afghan Wars, is not to be without his Memorial.  
 The journalists who lament his loss are to subscribe for a Memorial of  
 Archibald Forbes, and it is a pleasure to learn that not only is the move-  
 ment headed by Mr. J. Nicol Dunn, Editor of the *Morning Post*, and  
 Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, President of the Institute of Journalists, but that  
 Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, K.P., General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C.,  
 and Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes, V.C., who saw and admired him  
 in battle, are associating themselves with this expression of esteem for  
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 to April 17, 1901) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any  
 Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The King and Exhibitions.*

As was shown by the King last week, in his answer to the Address presented to him by the Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition, His Majesty has long taken the very keenest interest in Exhibitions, being, as he eloquently worded it, "deeply sensible of the advantages which have accrued to the nation in the establishment of those great institutions for the advancement of art, science, and education." As Prince of Wales, the Sovereign not only to a great extent organised but actually originated the admirable series popularly known as "The Fisheries," "The Healtheries," and "The Colinderies." King Edward has also taken a great personal interest in the various Expositions held in Paris, especially in that World's Fair held in 1889. The then Prince of Wales was one of the first visitors to the Eiffel Tower, and M. Eiffel's daughter used to show with great pride the beautiful autograph-fan bearing the signatures not only of King Edward but of Queen Alexandra and of their three daughters. It is thought in Glasgow that the Sovereign will certainly pay a short visit to the Exhibition should he be in Scotland

*Marvellous Gossip.*

Scarcely a day goes by but some utterly untrue story concerning the King and Queen's plans flies into general circulation. The last *canard*, that concerning the purchase by His Majesty of a Welsh estate, has naturally caused great disappointment in gallant little Wales. It remains to be seen whether the rumour of the Sovereign's acquiring an Irish estate turns out equally untrue. There seems, however, no doubt that the King has granted the use of White Lodge to Mrs. Hartmann, a venerable lady well known in a certain section of Society, and whose house in Berkeley Square, situated next-door to Lord Rosebery's London mansion, and within two doors of that belonging to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, has been the scene of many hospitable gatherings. The personality of Mrs. Hartmann's young and pretty daughter-in-law, Mrs. Frederick Hartmann, is much better known. She was a Miss Lister, and is always to the front when charitable entertainments are to the fore. White Lodge, notwithstanding its historic associations, is comparatively small as large country-houses go; it will form an ideal suburban residence, the more so that, with a quick pair



THE MARQUIS OF HEADFORT.

Photo by Barnett (John Edwards), Hyde Park Corner.



THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT (MISS ROSIE BOOTE).

Photo by Langflier, Old Bond Street, W.

before the charming scene in Kelvin's Park becomes like unto the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, the fate likely to overtake the most successful of Exhibition buildings.

*Their Majesties at Sandringham.*

Norfolk was *en fête* all last week in honour of the presence at Sandringham of the King and Queen.

Great interest was aroused by the presence among the King and Queen's guests of the new Bishop of London, who, indeed, was compelled to postpone his enthronement till yesterday (April 30) owing to the fact that the Sovereign had commanded his presence at Sandringham. Dr. Ingram did homage on Saturday, and preached in the pretty, picturesque little church, so closely associated with their Majesties and the younger members of the Royal Family, on Sunday. Queen Alexandra is a devoted daughter of the Church of England, and, from the day when the late Dean of Westminster prettily described her as "the angel in the Palace," she being at the time still a honeymoon bride, to the present time, Her Majesty has never failed to show the greatest consideration to all those ministers of the Established Church with whom she has been brought into personal contact, while for the late Dr. Kingsley and the venerable Canon Liddon she is known to have cherished feelings of personal affection.

*The Hospital King.*

His Majesty the King has graciously consented to become Patron of the Middlesex Hospital, a position which Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, as well as her predecessors, George IV. and William IV., held during the whole of their illustrious reigns.

of horses, the distance between Berkeley Square and Richmond should be accomplished well under two hours.

*King Edward and his Sister's Painting.*

The King has lately become possessor of a painting which has a singularly personal and historic interest. During the Crimean War the members of the Royal Family executed many pictures with their own hands, and these were sold for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen. One of these paintings, by the Princess Royal of England, now the German Dowager-Empress, was entitled "The Battlefield." It represented a woman bowed down in grief over the prostrate form of a dying soldier, with tents and other features of a camp in the background. This drawing was originally purchased for five hundred guineas by the late Mr. F. H. Dutton, in whose family it remained till it recently came into possession of Mr. FitzNorman Ellis, of the Élysée Art Galleries, Bayswater, where it had for a short time been exhibited. Mr. Ellis was honoured the other day by Royal Command to submit the picture to His Majesty. King Edward manifested great interest in the painting and at once became its purchaser.

*An Irish Beauty Now.*

The young Marchioness of Headfort will now take her place among the charming group of Irish Peeresses, and it is said that she and Lord Headfort intend to settle down for a while at the beautiful family-seat of the Taylour family, Headfort House, Kells. There the news of the young Marquis's marriage has been received with great satisfaction, and his bride is sure of a warm-hearted Irish welcome.



*An Historic Event.* On Friday (3rd) takes place an historic event, namely, the reception by His Majesty of a Roman Catholic deputation, who, headed by Cardinal Vaughan, will congratulate the Sovereign on his Accession and will assure him of the loyalty of the religious body represented by them. It is expected that the Roman Catholic Peers will turn up in great force. Particularly conspicuous will be the present Earl Marshal, in whose hands, prescriptively, rest all the complicated arrangements for the Coronation. As proving the loyalty of the Duke of Norfolk and his co-religionists, it is significant that quite a large proportion of those who will present the Address on Friday have only lately returned from the Seat of War.

In one matter Roman Catholic ladies are at a disadvantage: to them are never awarded any of the high offices about the Court, neither has a Roman Catholic girl ever been made a Maid-of-Honour — indeed, the only lady now much about the Court who belongs to the ancient faith is the Marquise d'Hautpoul, (Miss Julia Stonor). There is at the present moment but one Roman Catholic Duchess, Her Grace the Dowager-Duchess of Newcastle, who some years ago started a highly successful East-End Settlement which does much excellent work among the poorer Irish of that district. The Duke of Norfolk's sister, Lady Mary Howard, has long acted as hostess both to her brother's house-parties at Arundel and at the receptions given by him at Norfolk House, St. James's Square. The Primrose League numbers many Roman Catholic great ladies in its ranks, for, be it noted, on the whole the Pope's followers in this country belong to the Tory and Unionist ranks.

*Cheerful  
Singapore.*

Cheerful Singapore outdid itself in the welcome accorded to its Royal visitors, especially significant being the enthusiastic loyalty displayed by the British Chinese, who are, from a financial point of view, some of the most important citizens of the place. The Straits Settlements were

long as everything goes well, the various Chiefs and Sultans are never interfered with by the British Residents. A picturesque little episode of last week's proceedings was the reception by the Duchess of Cornwall and York of the wives of the Sultan of Perak and of his subordinate Chiefs. In honour of Her Royal Highness, these native beauties unveiled, this being the first time they had ever done so before a European lady. Both the Duke and Duchess expressed special pleasure with the great gathering of school-children brought together in the splendid Botanical Gardens by Mr. Charles Buckley, the most respected

lawyer in Singapore. The little ones, who were naturally beside themselves with excitement and joy, represented many races, among them being French, English, Eurasian, Malay, and Chinese children. Particular interest attached to one small mite who is the great-grandson of the still living gallant salt who was Admiral Keppel's coxswain in the Chinese War of the year 1836.

The proposal that Prince Edward of Cornwall and York should become Prince of Australia, and his sturdy little brother Prince of Canada, is arousing a good deal of interest and pleasure in our loyal Colonies. Still, it would not do to leave other sections of Greater Britain out in the cold, and Ireland might well set up another grievance—indeed, at one time it was seriously proposed that the Duke of Connaught should be styled Prince of Ireland.

*Boars in Windsor  
Great Park.*

The paragraphs which have appeared in the Press about the wild boars in Windsor Park are most misleading. Many of the writers seem to believe that untamed pigs roam through the Forest after the fashion of their cousins in Hindustan. As a matter of fact, the small herd of wild boars has always been kept in a strongly railed paddock. How could any sane person imagine that boars would be allowed to range at will over a district which not only abounds in farms, but is, as well, adjacent to Windsor, Egham, Wokingham, Sunningdale, Sunninghill, and other



THE ROYAL TOUR: A SNAPSHOT OF SINGAPORE HARBOUR. THE MOST RECENT STOPPING-PLACE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.



LADY MARY HOWARD.

Photo by Langflier, Old Bond Street, W.



THE DOWAGER-DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

Photo by Langflier, Old Bond Street, W.

honoured by a visit from the then Prince George of Wales just nineteen years ago, and it must gratify His Majesty to know how greatly the place has improved and quieted down since those far-off days. Nowhere are the advantages of British overlordship more strikingly manifest, for each native settlement is allowed to fly its own flag, and, as

populous places? We shall next hear of tigers running loose in the shrubberies about Virginia Water. By the way, the domestic pigs which wander about the New Forest are by no means civilised at certain times of the year. Many persons have had to take refuge in trees from infuriated boars.



*All's Well that Ends Well.*

Georgiana, Lady Dudley, has come off substantially victorious in her action against the decorators of her pretty new house, and the result has surprised none of her friends, for they were well aware that the beautiful Dowager-Countess—who is perhaps, with the one exception of Queen Alexandra, the youngest-looking lady of her age in the kingdom—is an



GEORGIANA, DOWAGER-COUNTRESS OF DUDLEY.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

excellent woman of business. Lord Dudley has been indeed fortunate both in his mother and in his wife, for the young Countess is also exceedingly clever and practical. *Née* Gurney, she was the adopted daughter of the late Duke of Bedford and of Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, and so was brought up from her earliest childhood to be thoroughly *au fait* with all a modern woman should know. Her sister, Lady Troubridge, has marked literary tastes, and has written a play which will, it is said, be shortly produced.

*Prince-Adalbert.*

The Emperor William's third son, Prince Adalbert, entered the German Navy on April 18 (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The event was commemorated by divine service on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, at which all the members of the Imperial family who were able to be were present. The young Prince went through the ceremonial with *sang-froid*. The Emperor, after delivering a short address, formally notified his son's entry into the Service.

*The late General von Schwarzhoff.*

Germany certainly seems to be pursued with hard luck, or "Pech," as the German slang expression goes, in all that concerns China. First, she loses her Ambassador through foul murder; then brave Colonel Bartsch; and now General von Schwarzhoff has lost his life in an heroic attempt to save valuable papers of State for the Field-Marshal General. The late General is greatly mourned throughout all German Army circles. He was born at Magdeburg in 1850, and in 1870 entered the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards. He took part in the Battles of Gravelotte, Beaumont, and Sedan, and was also present at the bombardment of Paris. He was the recipient of the Iron Cross for bravery in the field. After much valued service, he was promoted, in 1881, to be a member of the General Staff, and in 1886 was attached to the French Embassy at Paris. He was especially prominent at the celebrated Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899. For his great services in the work done there on the "Convention sur les Lois et Coutumes de Guerre," he was presented with the degree of Doctor *honoris causa* by the juridical faculty of the University of Königsberg. At the time of his death, he filled the honourable position of Chief of the Staff of the "Armee Oberkommando" in China.

*A Present from the Kaiser.*

The German Emperor (adds my Berlin Correspondent) has just presented the Cloister of the Holy Grave in the district of Ost Priegnitz, near Potsdam, with a magnificent Abbess's staff. This lovely specimen of artistic workmanship is at present on show at one of the principal museums in Berlin. A Strasburg goldsmith named Rudolf is the proud producer of this jewelled gift, and Professor Seder, of Strasburg, the designer. The whole staff is brilliant with precious stones and enamel, and is much admired by all visitors to the museum.

*King Albert of Saxony.*

April 23 was the seventy-third birthday of His Majesty King Albert of Saxony. The German Emperor, as is his wont, travelled off to pay the aged and venerable King a private visit, leaving Berlin by special train in the morning. After spending the day quite *en famille* with the King and Queen of Saxony, the Kaiser proceeded to Bonn, where he arrived on the Wednesday morning. King Albert is the sole surviving Royal General who took part in the Franco-Prussian War, and is passionately loved by the whole German people, and especially by the Army. King Albert's advice was always and is still eagerly sought after in all matters of a military character.

*A Court-Martial Story.*

The niceties of military custom frequently prove a stumbling-block to the layman. Among such is the practice in vogue of, whenever a question has to be decided by vote, asking the opinion of the junior before that of anyone else. A worthy father, who was unaware of this rule, was boasting the other day of the high opinion which his young hopeful had gained in his regiment. "Although my son is the junior officer in his corps," he remarked with pride, "his Colonel thinks a lot of him, I assure you. The other day, for instance, he was engaged on a Court-Martial, and—I give you my word, sir—he was called upon to vote before any of the others!"

*A Gallant "Cornstalk."*

Great satisfaction is being felt in Australia on account of the goodly list of "war honours" that the "Cornstalks" have gained by their prowess in the Boer campaign. One of the most popular of these awards has been the Companionship of the Bath which has fallen to Colonel the Hon. J. A. K. Mackay, of New South Wales. This officer, who



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY AND BABY

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

commands the Imperial Bushmen, is one of the best types of Colonists who rallied to the flag, being a born scout, an excellent shot, and a splendid cross-country rider. He is a prominent member of the New South Wales Government, and has also some repute as a poet, having published several volumes of verse.



*The late Bishop of Oxford.* Universal regret will be felt at the death of Dr. Stubbs, the famous historian, who, since 1889, has worthily held the Bishopric of Oxford.

William Stubbs was born at Knaresborough on June 21, 1825, the eldest son of a solicitor of that town, and was therefore in his seventy-sixth year at the time of his death. He was educated at the Grammar School, Ripon, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where



THE LATE BISHOP STUBBS.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

he graduated B.A. in 1848, obtaining a first-class in classics and a third in mathematics in the Final Schools. He was immediately afterwards elected a Fellow of Trinity, and was ordained the same year. In 1866, a vacancy occurring in the Chair of Modern History at Oxford, Dr. Stubbs was appointed Professor, and it was then that he entered that special field of historical study which he was so thoroughly to explore and conquer, and over which he was to reign with such unchallenged sway. Whether he is remembered as an ecclesiastic, a scholar, or a kindly and lovable man, it is certain that his place will be hard to fill.

*Exit Dr. Tanner.* The House of Commons has spared a sigh for Dr. Tanner. He played a conspicuous if not a great part in its proceedings. In his most lively days, while in good health, and before he had become a Whip, he gave much trouble to the Speaker and considerable embarrassment to other members. He was the cause of many scenes. These had no dread for him, as he defied the House and disregarded its opinion. His exclamations were more frequent than those of anybody else, and he was the best blocker of Bills since the days of Mr. Warton. New members have tried to imitate his eccentricities, but in vain. Even Mr. Flavin falls far short of Dr. Tanner. Fortunately, the latter was a good-natured man and is remembered without malice.

*An Imprisoned Member.* Mr. Patrick Aloysius McHugh, who has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for seditious libel in his paper, is a combative, uncompromising member of the Nationalist Party. When there was more than one McHugh in the House, his name Aloysius gave those who had to pronounce it some trouble. Now he is the only McHugh. He has a bright, genial face, but Irish Secretaries find his tongue far from agreeable. This is not his first experience of prison. One of his claims to the admiration of his colleagues is that he was imprisoned under the Coercion Act. He has also had the honour to be Mayor of Sligo.

*An Eloquent Lord.* Those who think that oratory is extinct in the House of Commons might have altered their opinion if they heard Lord Percy's speech against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Lord Percy has a good voice and a command of graceful language, and when he is stirred by religious feeling he speaks with eloquence. His father, the Duke of Northumberland, himself a former member of

the House of Commons, listened to the speech from the Peers' Gallery, and must have been gratified by its reception. There is much ability among the young aristocrats below the Ministerial gangway.

*A Vacant Chair in the House.* The chair of the Clerk of the House of Commons, Mr. Milman, has been empty during the Session. Mr. Milman's illness has been greatly regretted by members. His figure was familiar in many Parliaments. Compared with him, even the principal of his two assistants is very modern. Mr. Milman entered the service of the House in 1857, and has been at the table since 1870. I remember when he occupied the third chair, in the time of Mr. Speaker Brand. Then he moved to the second, and many a time whispered over his shoulder to Mr. Speaker Peel. Last year he succeeded to the chair on the right-hand of Mr. Gully as Chief Clerk, but illness has kept him from the House this Session. His figure is very bent and thin. He has spent many weary nights at the table, and it was interesting to see him in the small hours of late August sittings studying Bradshaw and railway maps.

*A New Peeress.* Many people are surprised to hear of the marriage of Lord Byron to Mrs. Broadhead. The bearer of one of the greatest names in the Upper House is still well on the sunny side of fifty, for he will celebrate his forty-sixth birthday two days after next Christmas Day. Lord Byron is directly descended from the great poet's first-cousin and successor, the George Anson Byron who was in his day well known as a gallant sailor and who succeeded the author of "Don Juan" in 1824. The newly married Peer is like that country happy inasmuch as that it had no history. He was educated at Harrow, from whence he became a member of the House at Oxford. He succeeded his uncle, the eighth holder of the title, some thirty years ago, and he was till lately regarded as one of the most confirmed bachelors in the Upper House, a reputation shared by his brother and heir, the Rector of Langford, in which quaint Sussex village Lord Byron's country home, Langford Grove, is situated.

The new Lady Byron, who will be an interesting addition to the twentieth-century Peeresses who will form a notable group at the Coronation, becomes the mistress of Lord Byron's town residence in Grafton Street. The Byron family-mansion, that in which the great poet wrote some of his most famous verses, is now the town house of Lord Glenesk.

*England's Grand Old Lady.* The Baroness Burdett-Coutts entered her eighty-eighth birthday in the "Isle of Unrest"—that is, in Corsica. Her Ladyship has now been a Peeress forty years, and, according to those who have the privilege of seeing her frequently, she is as keenly interested in all philanthropic affairs, and in the political events of the day, as she ever was; while she has taken quite touchingly to heart the strictures and criticisms passed on her husband in connection with the South African Hospitals scandal. Lady Burdett-Coutts has long been particularly fond of Ajaccio, where she is spending the early spring; she is an admirable linguist and can talk to the Corsicans in their own curious *patois*. It is probable that the Baroness will be the oldest Peeress present at the Coronation, and particular interest will attach to the circumstance owing to the fact that she was one of those who witnessed the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

*Oxford to Putney Row.* On Monday of last week, the feat of sculling the River Thames from Folly Bridge, Oxford, to Putney, in quicker time than any other set of scullers had previously compassed the distance was successfully accomplished by Mr. Spencer Gollan, a New Zealand sportsman and racehorse owner, accompanied by George Towns, the English professional Sculling Champion, and Tom Sullivan, an ex-Champion. It was generally allowed to be an excellent performance, although some people already think they can "go one better." In many cases, however, the idea was never entertained that the scullers would make anything like the time. The great interest that was taken in the performance was amply demonstrated



THE TREBLE-SCULLER BEATING THE RECORD FROM OXFORD TO PUTNEY ON MONDAY OF LAST WEEK: "SKETCH" SNAPSHOT OFF SURBITON.

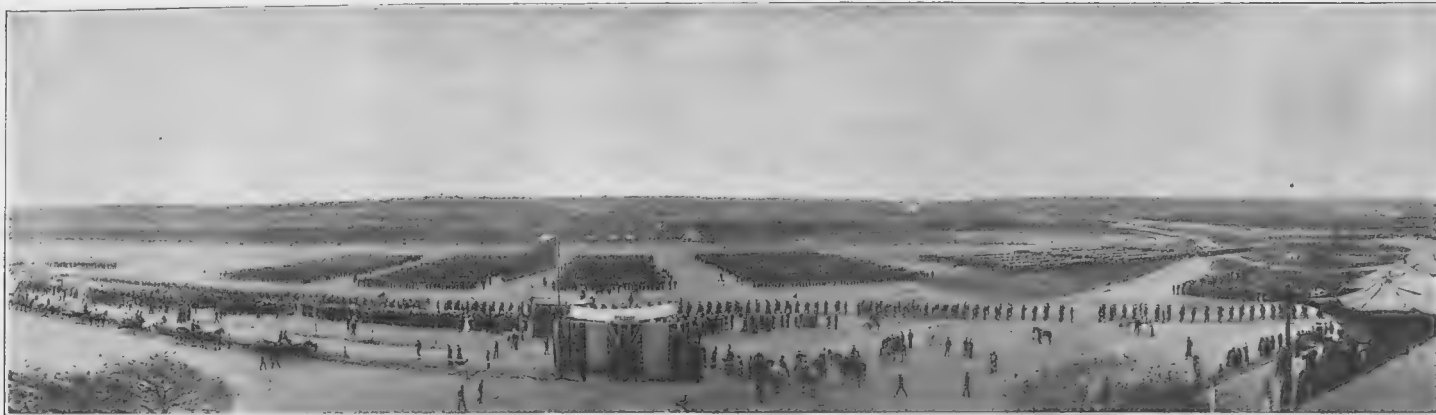
*en route.* Quite a goodly crowd of Oxonians witnessed the start and accompanied the crew for some distance on cycles. I give a snapshot taken of the scullers as they sped past the Surbiton Promenade. The distance, 105 miles, or thereabouts, was covered in 13 hr. 57 min.



*Naval Review at Malta.*

With a view to seeing that everything is as it should be in the Mediterranean Fleet, Lord Selborne (the First Lord of the Admiralty) and his Staff have lately been paying a visit of inspection at Malta. On the 15th ult. a great review was held for this purpose by Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher, in which 11,450 Bluejackets and Marines took part.

and wireless telegraphy. Both he and his charming wife, the daughter of our Princess Alice, are great favourites with the King and Queen. Prince Louis is now in London, but it is expected that Princess Louis will remain at the Castle of Heiligenberg in the Bergstrasse, the beautiful place where the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, when Duke of Edinburgh, was betrothed to the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. At Heiligenberg



GRAND REVIEW OF MARINES AND BLUEJACKETS. BY THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY AT MALTA.

Landing from the different vessels of the Squadron, the men (under the command of Lord Charles Beresford) proceeded to the racecourse, taking with them eighteen of their field-guns. As soon as they were drawn up on the parade-ground, the ranks were closely inspected by Lord Selborne, with whom, by the way, was Lord Rosebery. A grand march-past then took place, on the termination of which Lord Selborne complimented the men highly on the smartness of their drill and discipline.

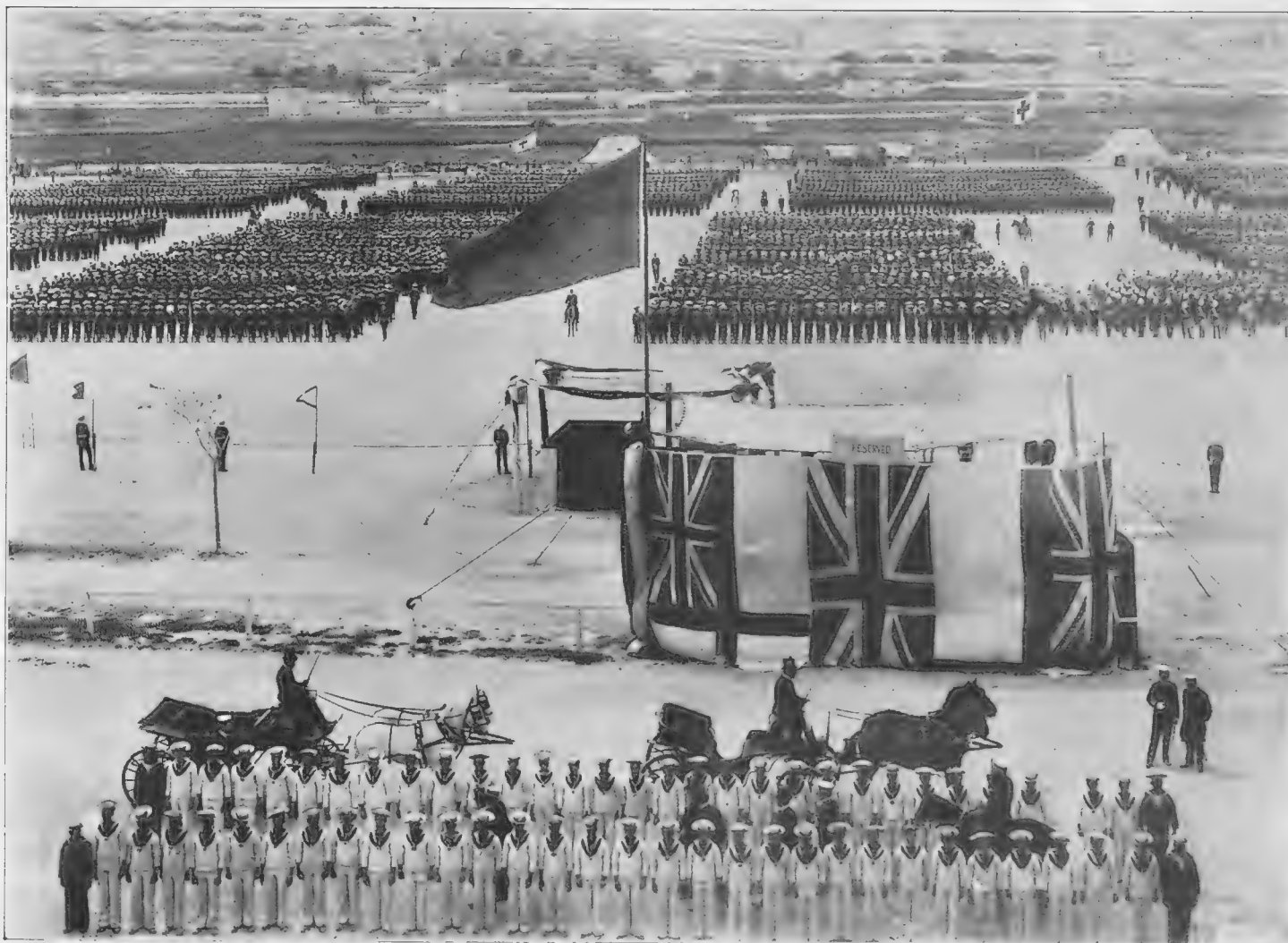
*Prince Louis of Battenberg.*

It is pretty certain that Prince Louis of Battenberg will shortly get a command afloat. It is a curious fact that both he and his brother, the late Prince Henry, took to seafaring as though to the manner born. I say "curious" because, as inhabitants of the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, they never, when lads, had a chance of "ploughing the main." Poor Prince Henry was an ardent yachtsman, and Prince Louis is not only a good sailor, but also a practical seaman and a scientist, being great on torpedoes

Princess Louis will be visited by her aunt and sister-in-law, Princess Henry of Battenberg, who has, I am glad to hear, quite recovered from her accident.

*Lord Delamere and Vale Royal.*

Vale Royal, the seat of Lord Delamere, where the stables have just been burnt out, is one of those picturesque country-houses which seem peculiar to the county of Cheshire, and it would have been a thousand pities had the mansion shared the fate of the outbuildings. Vale Royal came into the holding of the Cholmondeleys through Miss Mary Holford of Holford, who was the ancestress of both the Marquises of Cholmondeley and the Barons of Delamere. This lady gave Vale Royal to her fourth son, Thomas Cholmondeley, from whom the present Lord Delamere is directly descended. Lord Delamere was thirty on the 28th of last month. His heir-presumptive is his cousin, Captain Hugh Cholmondeley, formerly of the Rifle Brigade.



THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY INSPECTING THE ACTING SEAMEN-GUNNER CLASS AT MALTA.

From Photographs by R. Ellis, Malta.



*The Paris Salon.* The "vernissage" (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) was inaugurated by the King of the Belgians, who arrived at the early hour of half-past eight. By ten o'clock there was the usual crush, and in a furnace-heat, through a cloud of dust, the expected number of sumptuous and extraordinary toilettes. Nobody sees the pictures. The lorgnettes are directed not at the canvases, but at the gowns, for the "vernissage" is not Painters' Day. French "high life" of late years very generally stays away from this function. It has its charms, nevertheless. One of them is to lunch at mid-day on the greensward of a restaurant hidden in the verdure of the Champs-Élysées close by, to eat the traditional salmon-trout and *sauce verte*, and in the middle of Paris undergo the illusion of participating in a country fête.

*Carolus Duran.* The President of the Society of French Artists, M. Carolus Duran, is one of the Parisians just now most in view. He is an accomplished man-of-the-world, known to-day rather as a social factor than as a great painter, lunching in the morning at the Foyot with the Senators, and at night presiding over banquets or embellishing the front row at a first-night. He is one of the handsomest men in Paris. It is understood that he has made a fortune painting the portraits of American women. He has been to New York several times, where he is fêted and cajoled, and whence he always comes back with a harvest of dollars. As President he succeeds the late Puvis de Chavannes.

This year's Paris Salon has several *clous*. The principal is Rodin's colossal monument of Victor Hugo, and this is a *clou* not simply because it is considered a masterpiece of art, but because the great poet is represented there in stark nudity. Even Rodin's fellow-citizens, whom he has accustomed to sensations, were not prepared to see the author of "Les Misérables" sunning himself on the rocks of Guernsey in the costume of Adam. Another *clou* is an embroidered gown. It is the first time that a garment has ever been admitted to the honours of the Salon, and it seems to mark a new era. It is true the Exposition last summer proved that this is the most universally regarded form of French art. A picture much noticed for its allegorical tendency is by Jean Veber. It represents Mr. Kruger as a giant debarking, nearly nude and pierced with arrows, on the coast of Holland, kissing the hand of a miniature Queen, who comes down a tulip-strewn path to the wharf in a Court-train.

*Princely Pilgrims.* Conspicuous among the pilgrims to Lourdes this week are the Count d'Eu and his son, Prince Peter of Orleans. They are very devout, and they take their modest chance with the rest of being housed and fed, reflecting doubtless that it is not to seek pleasure one takes up the pilgrim's staff. Modest the chances are, for Lourdes is a village of seven thousand inhabitants, and there are visiting there some seventy thousand pilgrims. It is the first Lourdes pilgrimage of the century. All women and all sick men are excluded. It is a meeting of able-bodied men—fortunately so, for many of them will have to sleep under the stars. Her Imperial Highness the Countess d'Eu, who is the daughter of the late ex-Emperor of Brazil,

Dom Pedro, is herself extremely religious. She also makes a yearly pilgrimage to Lourdes, and it is she who has given the vogue to the pilgrimage of Paray-le-Monial. She has invited Parisians to a sale in favour of a religious work in Brazil.

*Why?* No small amount of comment has been caused by the fact that the Paris Press passed over in almost absolute silence the appearance of Madame Adelina Patti. Certainly the concert for a charitable purpose was organised by a rival organ, but to ignore the affair seems to me to carry jealousy to a ridiculous extent.

*After the Gainsborough.* As crime breeds crime, so in an extraordinary manner has the re-told story of the theft of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire" excited the rapacity of Parisian thieves. Two of the most famous pictures of Édouard Détaillé have been cut from their frames, but, what is even worse, some scoundrels, who managed to get access to the Salon, hacked the pictures into pieces when they found that they could not get away with them.

I have excellent reason for believing that the stories about the King of the Belgians desiring to purchase, for £120,000, the Palais des Souverains, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, is unfounded. It is utterly unfitted for a Royal residence, and the famous dentist, Dr. Thomas Evans, told me himself that his idea in building it was to sublet it in flats. In the Parisian-American paper that he owned, an illustrated advertisement appeared weekly inviting locataires. He never came to terms, and turned the bulk of the place into an aviary. It might make an hotel, but never a palace. At the same time, why should Leopold II. always be accused of desiring to abdicate?

I should imagine that, in view of the increased income-tax in England, a few seasonable hints culled from the experience of La Belle Otero will be welcomed by young husbands with a limited income. The dark-eyed Andalusian shows that, spent with care, £600 a-month will meet all requirements; and that clears the air considerably. This unintentional information came out in the Paris Courts over a dispute with her

couturière for a few hundred francs in regard to an alleged misfit. I take the month of May as being up-to-date. On the 5th she paid 1000 francs for a dress; on the 6th another 1000 for something in *crêpon*. For a few days she economised, but on the 16th and 17th she blossomed out with two dresses and a mantle running into 3400 francs. On the 20th she spent only 2,600 francs on her dresses; but on the 27th, with an air to equalise, she flung down 3,240 francs for three new robes. As La Belle Otero never appears twice in the same hat in the Bois, and, like Sarah Bernhardt, never wears the same shoes twice, and has three pairs of gloves a-day, she serves as an excellent model for inexperienced wives. They will certainly admit that she is more practical than the writer who describes how to dress on £2 10s. 2d. a-year.

*Yvette Guilbert.* I am somewhat surprised to hear that Yvette Guilbert has discarded the Folies-Bergères and the Scala in favour of the Olympia Music-Hall. Meantime, you are to see and hear the quaint songstress again at the Empire.



BRITISH MATRON: What a very fine, healthy child you have there!  
HAPPY FATHER: Yes, and he is only one year old.



*Miss Cynthia Gordon.*

Miss Cynthia Gordon is at present touring with Mr. George Edwardes's "San Toy" Company. She studied abroad, and has an unusually beautiful voice. A short time ago, she sang before Mr. George Edwardes, who promptly engaged her, and sent her off to gain experience in the



MISS CYNTHIA GORDON, PLAYING IN "SAN TOY" ON TOUR.

Photo by Raupp, Dresden.

provinces; he has a great belief in her future in comedy-opera. She will doubtless be heard in London before long.

*A Rowton House  
"de Luxe" for  
Glasgow.*

A model lodging-house, under the style of the "New Century Hotel," is about to be opened on a somewhat ambitious scale in Glasgow. It is intended solely for the better class of artisan, and is accordingly to offer its patrons superior accommodation to that of the ordinary "Peabody" or "Rowton" building in London. The "hotel," which is a handsome structure of seven storeys, can receive four hundred "guests" at a time. Each of these is to be provided with a separate bedroom, while he will also have the use of the common dining-hall, smoking-room, reading-room, and billiard-room, &c. The highest weekly rent for all this is only six shillings, and the tariff for meals is on the same moderate scale. Glasgow is so advanced in these matters that I am not without hope Bailie Nicol Jarvie will purify the Clyde ere long.

*Fact!*

At a rehearsal of a musical comedy the other day, one of the "extra ladies" was discovered by the stage-manager weeping apart in a corner and refusing to be comforted. "Well, Miss —, what's the matter?" he inquired kindly. "Please, sir," was the answer, punctuated by sobs, "these other girls are so stuck-up that they won't take any notice of me. I'm only a mere syphon in this company!"

*Canadian  
"V.C.'s."*

Of all the Colonial contingents who are fighting for King and Country in South Africa at the present moment, none have done better than have those furnished by Canada. In evidence of this three Victoria Crosses have been gained by one of her regiments alone. The corps thus honoured is the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and the brave men who have won the coveted decoration are Lieutenant R. E. W. Turner, Lieutenant H. Z. C. Cockburn, and Sergeant E. Holland. The acts of conspicuous bravery which brought this gallant trio their well-earned reward were all performed on the same occasion—namely, at Komati River on Nov. 7, 1900, when, although largely outnumbered by the enemy, they saved the guns which had been entrusted to them. Sergeant Holland, who is a man of great strength, rather than let the Colt-gun of which he was in charge fall into the hands of the Boers, lifted it from its carriage and galloped off with it under his arm.

*Royal Military  
Tournament.*

The Royal Military Tournament, which each year grows in popularity, will be held this year, as usual, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, from the 30th inst. to June 13. It is a pity some more commodious and yet easily accessible place cannot be found. It was at one time proposed to hold it at Olympia, which, if not so central, would have accommodated many thousands more spectators. As it is, the crush at Islington is so terrific that people who would otherwise gladly witness the attractive show prefer to stay away. The disposal of the large sums realised for Military and Naval charities has for long been a subject of much criticism, and it is said that more than half of the proceeds of last year's Tournament went to build a swimming-bath for soldiers at Aldershot. Then, too, though the "Handy Man" and his astonishing gun-drill are among the principal attractions, Naval charities benefit to only an infinitesimal degree, and it has even been suggested that "Jack" should organise a Tournament on his own. Surely it is possible to so arrange matters that "Tommy" and "Jack" shall work together in harmony and both Military and Naval institutions share equitably in the pecuniary proceeds of one of London's most attractive summer shows!

*Sir Edwin Collen.*

Major-General Sir Edwin Collen, K.C.I.E., C.B., who recently left Calcutta for Australia to represent the Indian Army during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, was the recipient of some highly complimentary allusions in the Legislative Council by Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Sir Edwin, who has seen war-service in Abyssinia, Afghanistan, and the Soudan, has been a Military Member of the Viceroy's Council for some sixteen years, and his influence has been exercised during that time in a most marked manner in the effective organisation and equipment of our Indian Army. His successor, Sir Edmond Roche Elles, K.C.B., is an officer who, like Sir Edwin, has a wide experience of Indian affairs. He distinguished himself also in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and his war-service includes the Lushai Expedition of thirty years ago, the Hazara Expedition of 1888, and the more recent Mohmand Campaign. It is felt in Indian military circles that no better successor could possibly be appointed to Sir Edwin Collen—admittedly a very hard man to follow.

*The New Director  
of Military  
Intelligence.*

Major-General Sir William Gustavus Nicholson, K.C.B., who succeeds Sir J. C. Ardagh as Director of Military Intelligence, has a record as a soldier that consorts well with his cognomen. He is in his fifty-fifth year, and thirty of these have been spent in the service of his country. Like so many who have distinguished themselves as bearers of arms, he received his early training in the Royal Engineers.



MISS MABEL HACKNEY, PLAYING VIRGILIA IN "CORIOLANUS."  
THIS PHOTO REPRESENTS HER IN "THE LYONS MAIL."

Photo by Warrington, Liverpool.



# THE SOCIAL JESTER



## THE FIRST OF MAY—AND A LITTLE SERMON.

ROSALIND. *Men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.*

As YOU LIKE IT, Act IV., Sc. 1.

YOU will doubtless have decided for yourself, my dear young lady, that the immortal Shakspeare was a cynic. Having studied his works with that interest and discrimination that you bring to bear upon any intellectual pursuit, you will have remarked that, despite the fact that Love was the poet's most useful stock-in-trade, he seldom allowed his characters to refer to the divine gift save in a vein of unveiled mockery. Yet Shakspeare knew his world of men and women, and never set down a line or a speech that he could not have justified to himself. Why, then, did he make poor Rosalind cry out upon the wedded state in the words of my text? Perhaps it was because he married at an absurdly early age, and found himself the father of three children before he was twenty-one.

As I write these words, the bells of St. Clement Danes Church are ringing out a joyous peal in honour of the day. For it is the twenty-third day of April—the anniversary of the birth of the world's greatest writer. And, as the sound of the bells comes floating through the warm spring air and in at my open window, my mind conjures up a picture of that simple but proud little Warwickshire town on the banks of the Avon, which is even to-day agog with coloured bunting and American visitors. I hear again, as I have heard so many times at Stratford-on-Avon, the clink of sixpences and the impassioned words of the unimpassioned guide. I see again, as I have seen so many times, the members of the theatrical company selected to enact the Commemoration performances pacing, with impressive gait, the flag-stones of the High Street or the gravel-walks by the river-side. And then I laugh, mockingly, and ask myself when, O when, the purely intellectual multitudes of the poet's readers will turn a penitent ear to the words of their teacher and take to heart the bitter rebuke that he puts into the mouth of dear, delightful Rosalind.

For, despite your decision, my dear young lady, Shakspeare was very far from being a cynic. Poetry and cynicism never yet agreed together, and it was the very poetry in the soul of the man that made him thus upbraid the so-called love of men and women. And, from the mere fact that I include my own

sex in the general condemnation, you will admit, I hope, that I am endeavouring to practise what Shakspeare preached. I was tempted, I own, to omit the first line of the quotation that heads this article, and confine myself to exhorting the maids who are May only when they are maids to save for the home a little of that honeymoon radiance that illumines so brightly the antimacassared sitting-rooms of seaside hotels. But I have overcome the temptation, and will confess that the man is also to blame for the deadly colour of the sky that overhangs the plain of married life.

We all admit, then, that men are April when they woo, just as we should never dream of denying that maids are May when they are maids. Most of us who have passed the years of indiscretion will be able to recall a moonlit night, an old country-garden, a shaded seat, and all the sweetness of the world incarnate. Most of us, who now look out with tired eyes upon the sun-steeped street, will be able to remember a certain month of May when the sky was always fair, when the birds never sang out of tune, when the breezes hymned through the trees a melody of love. To most of us, who now look upon the winter as an excuse for a fire, and upon the summer as an excuse for a drink, there will sometimes come, with the scent of the May-blossom, the memory of an afternoon in spring long years ago, and of a moment so instinct with poesy that its influence still sheds a subtle glamour over our prosaic lives.

But we must turn, my dear young lady, to the other portion of the text. Are men December when they wed? Does the fair sky become overcast when maids are maids no longer? Anyhow, Rosalind says so, and Rosalind, in spite of her pranks, was a worldly-wise young lady.

And I think I can recall the case of a man who once got married. He was April-like enough when he wooed—all smiles, and love, and gentleness. But, then, his lady-love was May.

And so they married, and, for nearly a year, when old King Sol looked in at the neatly curtained windows of their little flat, he found there a palace prepared for his reception. But, alas! one day his welcome was not quite so cordial, and so the touchy old fellow sulked for a while and left his young friends to themselves. And, when he came back, he found

that they were rapidly learning to do without him, and were preparing themselves for a life of perpetual dusk. He tried to make friends again, and at first he almost succeeded, but, in the end, he was forced to the conclusion that he was not wanted any more, and he therefore took himself off for always. That is how it came about that the sky changed; it is always December in that little flat now.

And yet, you know, I believe King Sol would come back even once again if he received a very nice invitation. My married couple should, of course, invite him in person; they should form an embassy of two and look for him in the open country, where the birds have never heard of cages, and the only sound of sighing is the sighing of the wind in the trees. And it is more than likely that they would meet His Solar Majesty in the place where they found him first.

I know what you are dying to say, dear lady, and I am willing to own that, at the first blush (the phrase is not altogether inapt), you would seem to have, as legal people say, a case. But a bachelor, surely, may be allowed to touch upon so solemn and sacred a matter as the relations between a man and his wife provided that he approaches his task in a gentle and reverent spirit. True, so long as he remains a bachelor, he is ever in, or hovering around, the April mood, and must not, therefore, be taken too seriously. Yet April has its little storms, its cloudy skies; the sun does not always shine even when one is a bachelor. Pardon me, therefore, if I venture on occasion to doff my fool's cap and to lay aside my bauble. I do not, I trust, offend in that way very often, but endeavour, as a rule, to make the most of my April sunshine. And, in those brief moments when my bells cease to jangle, you will understand, I know, that your jester is in the shadow cast by the passing of a little April cloud.

But see! King Sol is back in his heaven again, all smiles and roguery. It is the First of May, he says, and the May-pole, decked with gay garlands, is set up on the village green. Give me your hand then, dear lady: the winter is far enough away.



THE HUSBAND'S MAY-DAY.



Chicot





MR. H. B. IRVING,

*Who plays humorously as Bellac in "Lion Hunters," at Terry's Theatre, and who is the Author of the Book of the Week, reviewed on the next page.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



## BOOK OF THE WEEK, BY MR. H. B. IRVING.

## FAMOUS FRENCH CRIMINALS.

IN his new work, called "Studies of French Criminals," Mr. H. B. Irving, who, not content with his brilliant success as an actor, is busy with his skilful pen, gives a somewhat painful but very interesting account of the famous French Criminals of this century, an account the most remarkable feature of which, perhaps, is that it shows that there is a surprising degree of truth in some popular ideas about crime. For instance, the curious way in which criminals exhibit a mixture of great cunning and great stupidity is well brought out, and the fact that the murderer must tell someone his crime is clearly shown, whilst time after time there is evidence in support of the proposition that "Murder will out." Of course, one cannot help observing that these remarks apply only to the cases where the murderer is caught. In dealing with the eighteen murderers the subject of the book, one finds throughout an abnormality that, with but one or two exceptions, points to something like madness. Lebiez, a medical student who assisted in a murder merely for the sum of £3, used to lecture on Darwinism, and his remarks are curiously in accord with very modern ideas—

At the banquet of Nature there is not room enough, there are not covers laid for all the guests; each one struggles to find a place. The strong push out the weak. Hence this struggle for life, family against family, species against species, and cruel war without peace or truce, among animals and plants the same. Religion and science are absolutely irreconcilable.

Of the appearance of his partner in crime, Barré, when brought before the Judges, there is a vivid account in the official report—

His countenance expresses terror and stupefaction. His colour is livid, his haggard eyes seem as if they saw in front of them some insupportable spectacle. As he comes into the office, his legs give way beneath him and the warders are obliged to hold him up. Beads of sweat roll down his cheeks.

He also was a medical student, and this precious pair killed a poor old woman by hitting her on the head with a hammer and stabbing her with a lance-shaped ink-eraser. I might have mentioned that Lebiez was poet as well as philosopher. Lacenaire, one of the most ruthless murderers, and absolutely mercenary in crime, also had a weakness for writing poetry, and was called by Théophile Gautier the "Munfred of the Gutter."

One of the most interesting aspects of this work is the insight it gives into the French system of murder-trial, and I sincerely recommend any of my readers who may have a homicidal mania to commit his crimes in England. The Abbé Auriol, who certainly was a very bad man, and poisoned a couple of old ladies, during his preliminary investigation, when, according to English views, his innocence, not guilt, ought to have been assumed, was kept thirty-seven days shut up in strict solitary confinement in order to induce him to confess. The result was a confession—rather different from our system, which will not allow confessions to be used in evidence unless quite voluntary. Yet Auriol's case was as late as 1868. The famous Pranzini, whose murder of Marie Regnault thrilled Paris fourteen years ago, had brought against him as witness his mistress, Madame Sabatier, and there occurred this staggering episode—

Pranzini began to weep.

PRESIDENT. Pranzini, you are crying.

PRANZINI (with a gulp). Yes, sir; for my mother.

PRESIDENT. She will weep tears of blood, poor woman, when she reads this trial.

PRANZINI (with a violent gesture). I am innocent, innocent!

PRESIDENT (to MADAME SABATIER). Now, Madame, I want you to make one last attempt. Say one word to him. He may still have some heart left. Speak to him of his mother.

Madame Sabatier tries to speak, but in vain. She turns her head away from Pranzini, who looks coldly and fixedly at her.

PRESIDENT. Don't try to fascinate her.

PRANZINI (with a sneer). Who obliges her to lower her eyes?

Fancy Lord Alverstone entreating a prisoner's mistress to persuade him to confess by talking to him of his mother! It was this Judge who, when two of the murdered woman's lovers were called, playfully spoke of the elder of them as "the Doyen." It is not wonderful that French criminal trials are a popular institution, seeing that the entertainment is vastly better than in most theatres, even if a trifle gruesome, owing to the exhibition of the *pièces à conviction*, and to the fact that at times the criminals are not beautiful. The description of Albert Pel is hardly attractive: "His countenance is pale, his complexion is waxen, his figure that of a skeleton. A large white silk handkerchief wound round his neck only half conceals a huge *goitre*. His hair is straight, his parchment cheeks are dragged by a kind of sinister rictus, and behind the gold spectacles of the pseudo-scientist one could detect two small cavities edged with red." Yet Albert had his successes among the fair sex, and his record as criminal is high. His mother, whom he poisoned, was his first victim, and with the money he got from this crime he became a theatrical manager—whether actor-manager as well history does not say. Then Albert poisoned a maid-servant, and also his betrothed. He followed this up by killing wife No. 1, and then wife No. 2, and concluded his career with murdering a mistress. Albert was a bit of a wag, and had a quaint little formula for describing the death of his victims. "Ça y est," was his expression, and it can hardly be called imaginative or rhetorical.

I have not space to pick out any more of the curious and interesting facts with which Mr. Irving's remarkable book is richly stored, or to give any idea of the theories skilfully developed by him in a work equally valuable as a study of manners and philosophy of crime.

L. F. S.

## SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S NEW YACHT.

A TRUE sportsman whose undaunted pluck has won the admiration of the British public, Sir Thomas Lipton no sooner saw his fine yacht, *Shamrock I.*, defeated off New York in 1899 for the America Cup than he resolved to build another fleet vessel to contend for the International trophy. Hence the designing by Mr. G. L. Watson of *Shamrock II.* for Sir Thomas, and the building of the yacht on the most improved lines by Messrs. Denny Brothers, of Dumbarton. The "timbers" are of nickel-steel, and *Shamrock II.* is plated with manganese-bronze. The workmanship is of exquisite finish. Mainmast, boom, and gaff are of light steel, but wood is used in bowsprit, topmast, topsail-yard, and jack-yard. The beauty of the curves will be found indicated in the photograph of *Shamrock II.* as she appeared on the pontoons after her successful launch on April 20 from Messrs. Denny's shipyard. It was naturally a gala day for Dumbarton. The Marchioness of Dufferin (who was accompanied by the Marquis) christened Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht, which was afterwards towed up the Clyde to the Prince's Dock, Glasgow, to be fitted. *The Sketch* heartily wishes Good Luck to Sir Thomas and *Shamrock II.*, and trusts Mr. Willie Jamieson and Captain Sycamore and his devoted officers and crew may this time win the America Cup.

## THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.

## KING EDWARD'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

GLASGOW has prepared a splendid welcome for King Edward's eldest daughter, and for the first time since their marriage the Duke and Duchess of Fife (portraits of whom appear on page 58 of this number) are playing a leading rôle in a great public ceremony. It has been said that from early girlhood Princess Louise of Wales determined never to leave her own beloved country, and her engagement to the then Earl of Fife was the outcome of a charming romance. The bridegroom-elect, while accepting a Dukedom, had no desire to assume Royal ways, and from the day of her marriage the Princess has lived an even more retired life than that led by many non-Royal Duchesses. Her Royal Highness and the two Ladies Duff both when in Portman Square and at Brighton delight in sweet simplicity, and the Duke, before his marriage an active and even a brilliant politician, and one of the most popular men in Society, is now quite content to lead the life of a happy husband and father in London, and that of a Highland laird on Deeside.

## WHY NOT PRINCESS ROYAL?

It was thought that on King Edward's Accession the Duchess of Fife would become Princess Royal, but this was not to be. There are, however, many signs that His Majesty intends in future to lay some of the burdens of Royalty on the fragile shoulders of his eldest daughter, and in choosing the Duke and Duchess of Fife to take his place at the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition the King is also paying Scotland a signal compliment.

## THE DUKE OF FIFE.

King Edward's Scottish son-in-law, though this is the first occasion since his marriage that he has really emerged from his self-imposed retirement, is one of the most capable members of the Upper House. Before he succeeded to his Earldom, Lord Macduff had the reputation of being a promising Whig, and he was a special favourite with Mr. Gladstone, being selected by him, after his transference to the House of Lords, to represent the Home Office in the Upper Chamber. This duty Lord Fife performed extremely well, and till 1886 he was one of the strongest Peer supporters of the "G.O.M." He had been a Unionist three years when Society was electrified by the announcement of Lord Fife's engagement to Princess Louise of Wales, and at the time of the marriage Robert Burns's lines in "The Dream" were quoted as being peculiarly apt—

Ye lastly, bonnie blossoms a',  
Ye royal lassies dainty,  
Heaven mak' you guid  
As weel as braw,  
And gie ye lads a plenty  
But sneer nae British boys awa',  
For Kings are unco scant aye,  
And German gentles are but sma'.

## THE ARMS OF GLASGOW.

The City of St. Mungo has a very picturesque and quaint coat-of-arms, perhaps better described by a satiric versified account of what it is *not* than in merely heraldic terms. Thus has a local wag traduced the City's Arms—

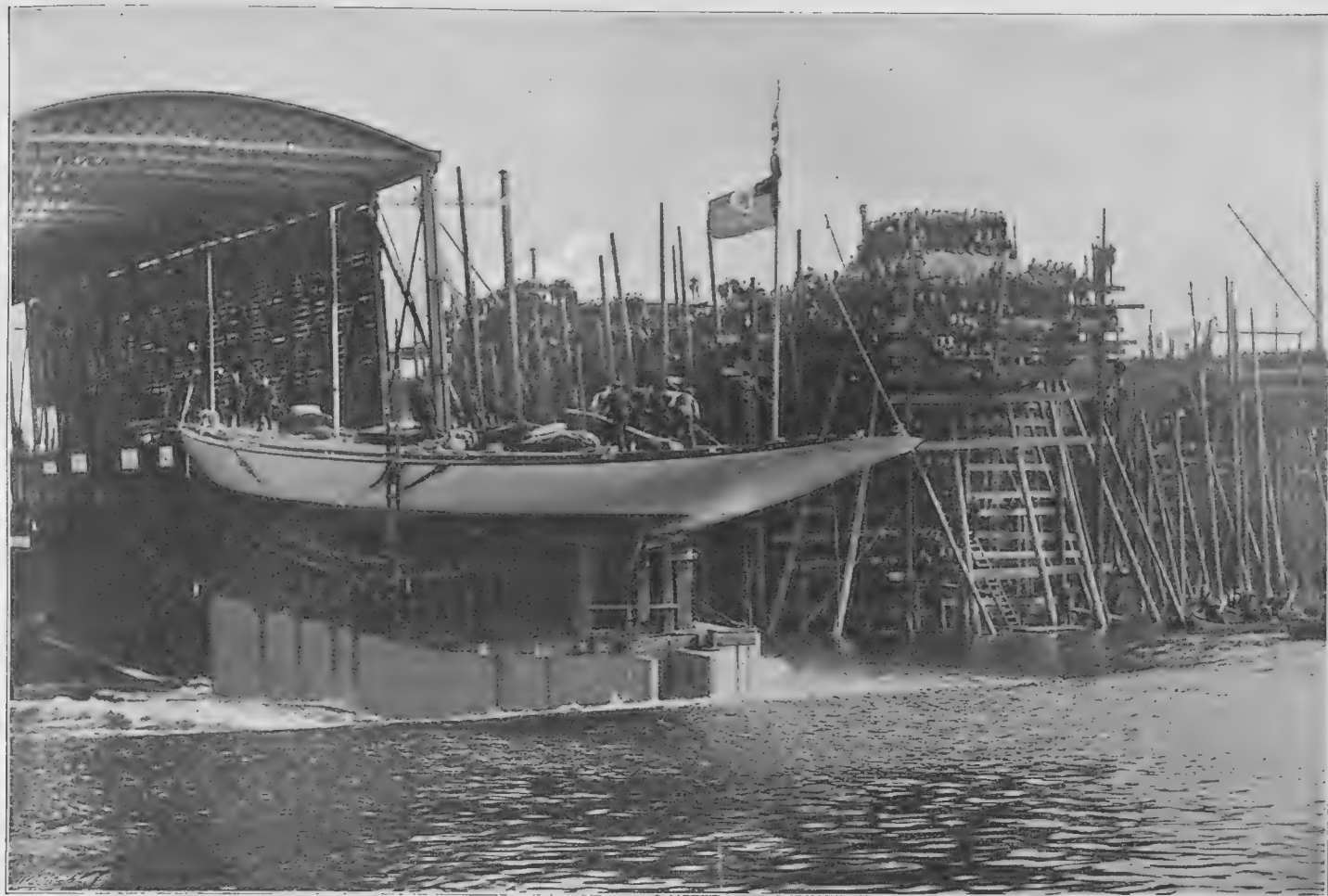
Here's the fish that never swam,  
And the bell which never rung;  
Here's the tree which never grew,  
And the bird which never flew.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



THE NEW BRITISH YACHT FOR THE AMERICA CUP.  
LAUNCH OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S "SHAMROCK II." AT DUMBARTON.



"SHAMROCK II." SLIPPING DOWN THE WAYS AND ABOUT TO TAKE HER FIRST PLUNGE FROM MESSRS. DENNY'S YARD.



F. Banks	Captain Sycamore	Sir T. Lipton.	Mr. G. L. Watson	C. Biffen	W. Poole
(Chief Steward).	(Commander).		(Designer).	(Chief Officer).	(Chief Cook).

THE OWNER, DESIGNER, COMMANDER, OFFICERS, AND CREW OF "SHAMROCK II."  
*From Photographs by W. Blain, Dumbarton.*



## "SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"

### THE MARVELS OF THE GREAT GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

NOT only the great city on the Clyde, but all Scotland and all Scottish folk are taking the very keenest interest in the great Exhibition which opens this week; and it is literally a case of peer and peasant joining together in patriotic fashion, for, while we have on the one side Lord Ancester contributing some of his most

is no corner but what is admirably lighted, and no place on the walls but which shows in the most admirable manner the picture or other work of art placed against it.

#### THE PATRIOTIC NOTE.

In these days, even the smallest provincial town longs to be cosmopolitan; Glasgow has not fallen into this error. Emulating the famous citizen of Peebles, the Glaswegian, though willing to admit that London has certain claims to interest and regard, would certainly say with whole-hearted conviction, "London's a' very well, but give me Glasgow for business—and for pleasure." To the student of nations, and even to the lover of romance, the most interesting features of the Exhibition will be those connected with

#### SCOTLAND AND SCOTTISH LIFE.

The greatest enthusiasm has been displayed both in the collecting and in the lending of priceless relics connected with the fascinating history of a country which has for heroine Mary Queen of Scots and for hero Prince Charlie. Every lady visitor will regard with a certain tender interest the quaint work-box which once held the tapestry-needles of Scottish Mary, and soldiers can scarce fail to be fascinated with the remarkable collection of swords, commencing with that once wielded by Hal o' the Wynd, and including weapons hailing from the days of Bannockburn and a splendid specimen of seventeenth-century armoury which formed part of the Duke of Perth's accoutrements at Culloden. Particularly interesting also are the Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott relics, and even the Kailyard school is not forgotten or neglected.

#### ONE VERY PLEASANT FEATURE OF THE EXHIBITION

is that, with the one exception of the Oriental Theatre, every side-show will be free, and there will not be an entrance-fee charged even to the Concert Hall, where the performance of a delightful and very varied programme of music will form a feature of each day's proceedings.

The highly spiced entertainments offered to the cosmopolitan crowd who visited, last year, the great French Exposition are here conspicuous by their absence. The Glasgow City Fathers, true descendants of John Knox, have seen to that. But the ever-popular water-chute will doubtless be thoroughly appreciated by local visitors, and there the switchback devotee will be able to indulge his favourite taste under peculiarly delightful and thrilling conditions.

Admiral Sir James Elphinstone Erskine, who has just been made Aide-de-Camp to the King, is an officer whose naval experience extends to very nearly half-a-century. Among the important commands that he has held during this long period have been those of the squadrons in Australia, North America, and the West Indies. From 1882-1886 he was a Naval Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria. No war-service has, so far, come his way.



H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE (THE DUCHESS OF FIFE), WHO IS TO OPEN THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

*Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

precious family possessions for exhibition, one great feature is to be a remarkable gathering together of the results of cottage-industries, work being shown there done by Highland folk who have never travelled more than ten miles from their native villages.

#### KELVINGROVE PARK,

one of the prettiest spots in the immediate suburbs of Glasgow, has been completely given over, it may be repeated, to the huge Fair, and the picturesque pleasure-ground which shares its name with Scotland's greatest scientist has now become a miniature village of palaces, and palaces, be it noted, recalling many distant cosmopolitan scenes. Among the most striking buildings on the ground are those which owe their being to Russian enterprise; and several of the principal exhibitors—notably the fortunate owners and makers of the Westinghouse brake—are also represented by very pretty erections which look as if they were meant to stand the wind and weather of a hundred years instead of only a few months.

#### THE EXHIBITION PROPER.

The main Exhibition building—also, of course, built with a view to only a few months' life—is a fine bit of work, and admirably adapted for its purpose, which is that of housing the innumerable exhibits that have no home to themselves. It is connected by a broad gallery with the Machinery Hall, where innumerable twentieth-century marvels, in the shape of labour-saving appliances, will certainly attract the keen interest of business-men. These two buildings, from which very rightly everything in the Exhibition may be said to radiate, share Exhibition honours with Glasgow's Municipal Art Gallery, the only permanent portion of the present Exhibition, but one well worthy of permanence.

#### GLASWEGIANS CLAIM THEIR ART GALLERY

to be the finest in Europe, and, though French critics may well bring forward the claims of the Louvre, to say nothing of France's many other treasure-houses, there is certainly no building of the kind in the United Kingdom which can for a moment be compared to this achievement of provincial Scotland. The actual building is of brown stone, and even from the exterior point of view is not lacking in stately dignity; but the real achievement of the architect was that of producing, from the art-connoisseur's point of view, an almost perfect picture-gallery. There



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE AND THEIR CHILDREN, THE PRINCESSES ALEXANDRA AND MAUD.

*Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*

GLASGOW PHOTOGRAPHS APROPOS OF THE EXHIBITION.

*Taken by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.*



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, FROM KELVINGROVE PARK, ADJOINING THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*Play!—Cricket Bursts into Leaf—The South African Team—Bowlers and the Biograph—The "Throwing" Peril—"Thou Crickest, He Crickets"—How to Cheat at Golf: By "One Who Knows"—Psychological Cricket.*

THIS week we plunge into the throes, or rather, the throws, of cricket. Bleak, tempest-troubled football has blown his last howling blast, and jocund cricket in neat white jerkin bedight breaks into song. Hockey has buried his toll of victims and sunk sullenly to rest, while golf throws off her snow-clad winter garb and arrays herself to sport mendaciously, as heretofore, over the daisy-covered turf. Lawn-tennis leaves her warm nest, gathers strength, and shakes her glittering wings for her brief three months' flight. Croquet once again bubbles up from below and ripples drowsily through the glade. We want, or (perhaps the reader may say) we do not want, a Thomson of the world of sport to write odes to the four seasons of golf, cricket, hunting, and football.

The only visitors to tour England this season are the very last which might be expected. The team from Holland will probably have as great a reception as would Cronjé and De Wet themselves. The team from South Africa have left the subjugation of their country to wait while they play the English counties. We are not an excitable nation. When that extermination of England by France, *via* the Channel Tunnel, takes place, the remnant of the shattered Anglo-Saxon Army will intercede with the victors to arbitrate about the All England Ping-Pong Championship, and the Navy will reverse the usual order and find time to be decimated by the enemy first and to resume its game of bowls afterwards. We have obviously profited from the lessons of the War about our undue preference for manual exercise to study. As to the protest against the South Africans leaving their country just now, what proof is there that they have not all volunteered for "the Front" and been rejected?

Why not the cinématographe to meet "the Throwing Peril"?

The reprieved bowlers, against whom a *decree nisi* has been granted and who have been bound over to come up for judgment when called upon, might best be kept under police supervision by the biograph. Sixty to a hundred photographs are taken a second; the minutest throwing motion could be detected and their ticket-of-leave withdrawn. A bowler could never be certain of his average at the end of a match till the films were examined in the pavilion and his number hoisted, so to speak.

The cinématographe affords both valuable instruction to the learner and the only scientific test of throwing. The theory that it consists in simply bending the elbow breaks down: there is an Australian bowler who claims to be able to throw with his arm in splints. Leg-before-wicket could be similarly judged. Test cases would have to be photographed at unexpected intervals, for the machine costs eight pounds a minute to work, and this would come expensive in a three-day match, especially as some forty minutes in the hour are spent by the bowlers in bowling trials, the batsmen in flattening the pitch, and the

fieldsmen in changing for the overs. In a match last year, an observer calculated that long-leg walked twenty-seven miles during the day and fielded only one ball, and that was no-balled.

From the analogy of cricket, we may doubt whether "automobile" may ever have a verb. "It is like the crick, only it is without the wick," was the way a Japanese described lawn-tennis, and "to crick" might have been a verb. We talk of "cricketing" as of "burgling," "holidaying," and, "Oh, that we two were Maying!" But these may not be called "regular verbs." Cricket, football, lawn-tennis (though not golf) are without their corresponding verbs. "To mobe" and "to bubble" have been invented in America, simultaneously with "to morganeer" (from the name of the author of the great Steel Trust). But are there not enough extraordinary verbs in our alleged language as it is? Think of the poor, stupid foreigners, who are so surprisingly slow at English, considering their cleverness at French and German! And a new word connected in any way with sport would be at once incorporated into French, like "trainer," "jockey," "football," "bull dogue," and a hundred others.

A disgusted learner intends to legally test whether golf is not a game of chance, involving fraud. "If all these golf-ball lies are true," as an Irish sporting correspondent says, it certainly seems so. There is a craze for wild tales of birds killed in mid-air, golf-balls picked up by animals or poultry, and carried out to sea by gulls. A writer in a responsible daily says that a cow swallowed his ball, walked over to the hole he was approaching and reproduced it there from her interior, allowing him to hole out in 2, and asks the public to believe this. Dog and fish stories are nowhere at present. It all arises from the absurd idea of the ordinary newspaper-reader that he can tell greater untruths than the professional trained journalist.

This outcry against fifty thousand men assembling to watch twenty-two engaging in a sport is entirely wrong. A doctor tells me that spectating at a game of cricket opens the pores and increases the appetite. The nervous system can be so acted upon that a weak man looking at Sandow working in the

mutoscope can become abnormally strong! A person with a weak chest, I suppose, ought to wear a muffler even in midsummer when watching a snowballing scene on the screen, and a fat man lose several pounds by being confronted with photos of a foot-race? I am easily imposed upon, but it took me some hours believing this. However, I have since tested it personally and proved it absolutely true. I witnessed a fast and rough football-match in the biograph at one of the "halls," and during a scrimmage I was completely out of breath and my pulse showed an increase of twenty-five per cent. Reaching home, I found severe contusions on both my shins.

HILL ROWAN.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

By McCaul and Dickson, Westminster.

## MR. IMRE KIRALFY'S GRAND MILITARY SPECTACLE AT EARL'S COURT.

LONDON is to be very martial this year. In addition to the forthcoming Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall and grand Military Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, there will be at Earl's Court a supremely attractive Military Exhibition and Show, which, under the high countenance of Field-Marshal His Royal Highness



"THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS": THE HEROIC M. AND MADAME CHAMOT TAKING IN FOOD TO THE BESIEGED.

the Duke of Cambridge and Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., Commander-in-Chief, as President and Vice-President, will be most potent to draw the public.

MR. IMRE KIRALFY,

whose genius for skilful organisation might well entitle him to be a Generalissimo, has quite excelled himself in the provision of alluring novelties. A stroll round the Earl's Court Pleasure Gardens—which the foremost Military Bands will make musical next Saturday, the opening day—suffices to prove how thoroughly Mr. Kiralfy has studied the tastes of the populace, especially if you are accompanied by as expert a guide as the member of the Kiralfy Staff who walked round with *The Sketch* representative.

Entering near the Water Chute, which is being furbished up for the inauguration on May 4, you pass along by the lagoon, across which Royal Engineers will throw a pontoon bridge with the celerity and adroitness you have admired at the Agricultural Hall. Not only will placid water-trips be provided, as usual, but a quaint dragon-car will run visitors up and down by the side of the lake, the Somali Village end of which has been transformed by Mr. Kiralfy into what I may term

### THE CHINESE WATER-MAZE.

This you will be able to negotiate in a boat propelled through the sinuous canal, past most picturesque bits of Chinese riverside scenery, by the current of the water, which will be set in motion by a large wheel. This Water-Maze will be a favourite resort. In the adjacent halls, formerly used as picture galleries, you will find remarkably

### EFFECTIVE LIFE-SIZE MODELS OF BRITISH AND FRENCH SOLDIERS IN CAMPS.

two large groups which are veritable masterpieces, and will be certain to command admiration. Crossing the railway bridge to

### THE WESTERN GARDENS,

you will find Mr. Richard Douglass has painted to perfection a wonderfully realistic view of the Valley of the Dee, with the silver river threading its way past Balmoral Castle, above which tower the hills. Her late Majesty delighted to crown with monuments of her best-loved friends and relatives. This *chef d'œuvre* of scene-painting is very refreshing to the eye. Close by, the hospitable Welcome Club grounds have been enlarged to accommodate the increasing number of members, whose ears will be rejoiced by the inspiring strains of the Grenadier Guards or the Hon. Artillery Company's Band in the lamp-lit pavilion standing between the Club and the huge Panorama building, this year to reveal to us one of the spectacular marvels of the Paris Exhibition.

### THE MILITARY LOAN EXHIBITS IN THE ARCADES

will comprise a rich diversity of valuable relics of great Generals and notable campaigns, and a set of Battle Pictures and Portraits of commanding interest.

The crowning attraction, however, is bound to be Mr. Imre Kiralfy's astonishingly faithful

### SPECTACULAR DRAMA OF THE SIEGE AND RELIEF OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKIN.

the impressive scenes of which will take about an hour to represent in the spacious Empress Theatre, in which it will be found that the masterly Director, who devised and arranged "Nero" and other magnificent shows, has transcended all his previous achievements. He has carefully studied every work giving authentic details of the memorable siege; he

has interviewed personages who took part in the great event; and has sought to present a thoroughly accurate series of living pictures, animated with dramatic libretto, of all that took place during that most momentous period in the Chinese capital. I have been privileged to witness a rehearsal, and can testify to the indefatigable way in which Mr. Imre Kiralfy has thrown himself heart and soul into the stupendous work. It has been a labour of love to him to endeavour to bring home to us, with complete historical exactitude, the fearful tragedy of Peking—the fiendish massacre by the Chinese "Boxers," the touching incidents within the British Legation, and the happy relief of the besieged Europeans by the Allies.

### THE STORY IS TOLD IN SIX TABLEAUX.

In the first, you see M. and Madame Chamot engaged in their humane work of taking food to the besieged—and *The Sketch* has the pleasure of printing, as first of the drawings kindly lent by Mr. Kiralfy, a sketch indicating the risks the benevolent hotel-keeper and his wife had to run to succeed in their self-imposed task of charity, all honour to them; and your attention is next engrossed in Baron von Ketteler's capture by the "Boxers," by the heart-stirring arrival of the British, American, Jap, French, Italian, and Russian Legation Guards; by the rescue of persecuted Chinese converts by British Bluejackets, by M. Ament's return to Peking with a large number of refugees, and by, among other stirring incidents, the foul murder of Baron von Ketteler, and the great rush of the "Boxer" assassins through the Ha-ta-Men Gate.

It is in the Legation itself, however, that the chief interest will be centred. No pains have been spared to make this comprehensive tableau absolutely faithful as regards architecture and grouping and action of the dramatic personages. All the important episodes of the siege and defence will be represented, and it is no exaggeration to say that the thrilling occurrences which a short time ago concentrated the attention of the whole civilised world upon the devoted band that heroically defended the British Legation and the European refugees against treacherous Chinese troops will be enacted with such verisimilitude as to add deservedly to Mr. Imre Kiralfy's fame and to become the talk of London. It is safe to add that no spectator can witness unmoved the gallant stand made within the Legation walls, or restrain a feeling of legitimate pride at the ultimate succour of the brave handful of men and women by the British troops and by the soldiers of the other Great Powers.

Of the success of this grand feature of the Military Exhibition at Earl's Court there can be no possible doubt whatever.



MR. IMRE KIRALFY, ORGANISER OF THE GREAT MILITARY SPECTACLE AT EARL'S COURT, "THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS."

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



## MILITARY EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT.

SCENES FROM "THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS," IN THE EMPRESS THEATRE.



THE MASSACRE OF CHINESE CONVERTS BY THE "BOXERS."



ATTACK BY THE ALLIED TROOPS ON THE OUTER WALLS, PEKIN.

*From Drawings courteously lent by Mr. Imre Kiralfy.*

MILITARY EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT.

SCENES FROM "THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS," IN THE EMPRESS THEATRE.



RELIEF OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKIN.



ALLIED FORCES ENTERING THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF PEKIN.

*From Drawings courteously lent by Mr. Imre Kiralfy.*



## SOME OF THE OFFICERS WHOM THE KING DELIGHTS TO HONOUR.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM EARL ROBERTS' RECOMMENDATIONS IN THE "GAZETTE."



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR A. HUNTER, K.C.B., D.S.O., PROMOTED  
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE.

*"An officer possessed of great soldierly qualities and considerable experience  
in war."*



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. M. LESLIE RUNDLE, K.C.B., C.M.G.,  
D.S.O., WHO GETS THE K.C.M.G.

*"He and his troops have had a very trying time, and have acquitted  
themselves of their task in a most creditable manner."*



MAJOR-GENERAL B. B. D. CAMPBELL, M.V.O. (LATE COLONEL  
OF THE SCOTS GUARDS), WHO IS GIVEN THE C.B.

*Specially mentioned by Earl Roberts as an officer who distinguished  
himself in the Fighting Line.*



COLONEL H. L. SMITH-DORRIEN, D.S.O. (SHERWOOD FORESTERS),  
PROMOTED MAJOR-GENERAL FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE.

*"He has shown exceptional aptitude for command in the field, being sound  
in judgment, quick to see and act, and full of resources."*

## SOME OF THE OFFICERS WHOM THE KING DELIGHTS TO HONOUR.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM EARL ROBERTS' RECOMMENDATIONS IN THE "GAZETTE."



COLONEL H. H. SETTLE, C.B., D.S.O. (ROYAL ENGINEERS), WHO GETS THE K.C.B.

*"Has always carried out his duties to my complete satisfaction."*



COLONEL E. T. H. HUTTON, C.B. (COMMANDER OF 1ST MOUNTED INFANTRY BRIGADE), WHO GETS THE K.C.M.G.

*"His unbounded energy and soldierly qualities and his thorough knowledge of M.I. duties have on several occasions been of great service."*



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. C. O. PLUMER (YORK AND LANCASTER REGIMENT), APPOINTED EXTRA A.D.C. TO THE KING.

*"Has consistently done good work, not only as a soldier, but as an administrator of a high order."*



COLONEL J. B. B. DICKSON, C.B. (COMMANDER OF 4TH CAVALRY BRIGADE), WHO IS GIVEN THE C.M.G.

*Specially mentioned by Earl Roberts as an officer who distinguished himself in the Fighting Line.*



## CEYLON PHOTOGRAPHS, APROPOS OF THE ROYAL VISIT,

*By the Apothecaries' Company, Ltd., Ceylon.*



BUDDHIST PRIESTS.



THE PERAHERA (ANNUAL BUDDHIST PROCESSION), KANDY.

## THE ROYAL VISITORS IN CEYLON.

## PROCESSIONS AND PRIESTS IN KANDY.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will touch at few points so interesting as Ceylon during their outward progress to Australia, and in Ceylon by far the most picturesque place they visited was Kandy, the ancient capital of the Singhalese Kings, and one of the chief Meccas of the followers of Buddhism.

Kandy still retains many traces of the Orientalism in which it was steeped for so many centuries prior to the British occupation, for, in spite of the civilising influences which our missionaries, our traders, and our colonial system have brought to bear with more or less success upon this picturesque region, the superstitions and usages of ages of isolated life have been only slightly modified.

## BUDDHA

is in Ceylon even yet the symbol of divine power and grace to the great majority of the Singhalese throughout the island, but up at Kandy there is a special ecclesiastical environment which gives the old capital a distinction and a significance all its own. Kandy, indeed, is kingly of aspect even yet. Its white roads glisten in the sun, its great lake shimmers amidst a surrounding of luxurious vegetation and floral exuberance, the hills rise up on all sides of it, purple and glowing, and the whole picture is one of rare beauty.

But the seal of past days and of a past dynasty is set upon the scene.

## TEMPLES AND PALACES,

which date back to remote times, still dominate the view, though they are crumbling with age, and not too imposing, judged by the European standard. It is what they symbolise to the people, however, that gives them their importance, and from that standpoint they are entitled to be considered impressive. They are Buddhist shrines, and it is there that this ancient faith receives one of its most striking illustrations.

## ALL BUDDHIST PRIESTS IN CEYLON

are attached to one or other of the two great establishments at Kandy, the Asgiri and Malwatté. The most renowned of the holy edifices is the Temple of the Sacred Tooth—the Dalada—where an object is enshrined that to common sense seems like a few inches of ivory of a tusk-like form, and not anything in the nature of a tooth at all, but is believed by the Buddhists to be an actual tooth of the great Buddha. For centuries this so-called tooth has commanded the unreasoning homage of millions of devotees.

## HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

saw this supposed relic when he visited Kandy years ago, and the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York enjoyed a similar privilege the other day.

In and around this temple the Buddhist priests are always on duty, and are to be seen moving softly in and out among the groves, where huge purple and scarlet passion-flowers, roses, heliotrope, and verberna impart such a wealth of bloom and fragrance to the scene, but they do not strike one as exceptionally devout. They always look quaint in their long yellow robes, and at the sunset hour or in the early morning, when they perform their rites, to the dull sound of the tom-tom, the plaintive notes of the flute, and the clanking of shells—adding to the discord by giving voice to a chant of melancholy monotone—it is all very weird, very depressing, and most unmusical.

The endowments are sufficient to attract a good number of Singhalese to the priesthood, who, under a more scanty ecclesiastical régime, would probably find other occupations. It is said that, if the temple properties were sequestered for the common benefit, not one in a hundred of those who now become priests would feel any call in that direction.

The priests take a great delight in processions and ceremonials, and in the various festivals which were got up for the

## ENTERTAINMENT OF THE ROYAL PARTY

the priestly element was by no means omitted.

The greatest of these demonstrations is the grand annual procession of the Perahera, which, although not a strictly religious ceremonial, has always been managed by the priests. The procession starts out from the Temple of the Sacred Tooth, and winds along the tree-shaded roads through immense crowds of people. The gilded cars, one of which is occupied by priests guarding the famous relic itself, move slowly along to the sound of solemn music; gaily caparisoned elephants, groups of priests, chiefs, and people bearing emblems of various kinds, follow, and, as the casket containing the Dalada comes in sight, the crowd is roused to the pitch of frantic homage. The torches blaze and sputter, throwing grotesque shadows around; the tom-toms and the cymbals and other instruments of blaring discord clang in the air, and the scene of tawdry splendour gradually passes, recalling, it has to be confessed, remembrances—although dim, far-off, and poverty-stricken by comparison—of an

## ORIENTAL PROCESSION IN A DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

It will take them a long time to get clear of their superstitions, fanaticism, and semi-barbarism in Kandy; but the gilt and the false glamour are dwindling away, and there are happier days in store for the old city when the people arrive at a truer appreciation of what we are doing for them and want to do for them. At present, what with the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York and the presence of the Boer prisoners in their midst, the Kandyans are having unusually lively times.

## THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

## NEW GALLERY.

THOUGH not quite so strong as that of last year, the show at the New Gallery includes many works that demand attention, and among the foremost of these must be ranked the contributions of the veteran painter—in the opinion of not a few, the greatest English artist of his period—Mr. G. F. Watts. That he retains his old vitality and force cannot be doubted by anyone who examines "Greed and Labour," in which a powerful and dignified figure laden with agricultural tools contrasts with the shrunken frame of a miser. "The Slumber of the Ages" is an allegorical picture wherein a woman sleeps while a child sits wakeful on her knee. I forbear to enlarge on the signification of this work, for I have observed that everyone likes to elaborate his own theories about Mr. Watts's allegorical paintings, and I should be sorry to prejudice anyone's judgment. There are also two other works, a group of Cupids and a portrait, by this artist. Perhaps some visitors will think that Mr. J. S. Sargent scarcely maintains his reputation, for he indulges in no daring flights of colour; but his portrait of Mrs. Garrett-Anderson is very telling, and his representation of the Duke of Portland with two colliers, though reserved in tone, is full of life, vigour, and dignity. A noteworthy feature is formed by a group of paintings in tempera, the result of a movement towards the revival of this ancient medium, which certainly offers possibilities to the modern artist, for it has a quality of its own as distinctive as that of oil or water-colour. Among the works in this category, admiration is specially due to Mr. Walter Crane's elaborately executed and finely coloured "Fountain of Youth." One of the strongest compositions in the galleries is Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Lady Carbery and Children," an admirably arranged group of figures arrayed in white, in easy, natural positions, and attractively treated with much breadth. As an example of powerful portraiture, I should like to call attention to M. Benjamin-Constant's "Wentworth Blackett Beaumont, Esq.," and there are also some capital works of this class by Sir George Reid, notably "The Earl of Stair." Other pleasing contributions include Mr. Hartley's "Winter Sunset," with grazing sheep catching the rays of waning light; Mr. Harris Brown's "Avis," a child rendered with much delicacy and charm; Mr. A. Hacker's "In Quiet Waters," with two pretty girls in a punt; Mr. Charles's "Old Chalk-Pit," wherein is illustrated the effective treatment of white in sunlight; and the Hon. John Collier's "Rudyard Kipling," though I think the artist has to some extent missed the intellectuality of his subject. Mr. Herbert Draper shows a fisher-boy surprised by a Naiad. Lady Stanley's nude figures, "The Bathers," are somewhat hard, especially the one that tells in clear definition against the dark rock. "Mrs. Brown-Potter" is represented by Mr. Harrington Mann with rather curious lighting, presumably that of the stage, though it is not quite explained. There is a poetical sunset landscape by Mr. José Weiss; Mr. Brangwyn has an interesting representation of that picturesque old landmark, "Kew Bridge," and Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Twilight in Trafalgar Square" is a naturalistic study of London atmosphere at the moment when the lamps have just been lit. I must not omit to notice the excellent work by Mr. Nettleship, Mr. Napier Hemy, Sir J. D. Linton, Mr. J. Olsson, Mr. J. P. Beadle, Mr. Melton Fisher, Mr. Austen Brown, and Mr. Robert Brough.

## MR. AND MRS. HARRY HINE.

An agreeable combination is made by the work of these two artists at the Dowdeswell Gallery, where they show a series of water-colours representing "Castles, Abbeys, and Minsters." The work is for the most part lightly sketched, and portrays with much freshness, and sometimes with a good deal of vivacity, what must have been a singularly enjoyable tour in search of interesting old buildings in England and Scotland. Among the most attractive drawings may be mentioned "Fisher Lane, Norwich," "Loch Fyne," "Boston," "Hatfield House," and "Anstey's Cove, Devon," by Mr. Hine, and "The Greyhound, Corfe Castle," and "Anne of Cleves' House, Lewes," by Mrs. Hine.

## MR. V. FISHER'S WATER-COLOURS.

Some capital water-colour work is exhibited by Mr. Vignoles Fisher at the Dowdeswell Galleries in representation of "The Year Round in the Neighbourhood of Guildford." Mr. Fisher has an admirable conception of the treatment of the medium; it is sympathetic and flowing, and, while sufficiently detailed, is never laboured. Moreover, his perception of colour is particularly delicate. I may express appreciation of "A Lane in Autumn," "An August Morning," "Spring Morning on the Wey," "Morning—October," "Guildford Castle," and "A May Morning." In "A Winter Moonrise," the moonlight is not hit, being of the same quality as the light produced by a man for his pipe in the foreground.

## MRS. F. A. HOPKINS'S WATER-COLOURS.

These representations of "Woods and Waterways" at Messrs. Graves's Galleries are full of fine colour, and testify to an artistic capacity that is scarcely surprising when we learn that the artist is a granddaughter of Sir William Beechey. She uses water-colour with admirable transparency and fine effect, and, though I am seldom able to approve of the practice of calling in the aid of body-colour, I am bound to admit that, in the rare instances where she avails herself of it, she does so with a degree of discrimination that makes it excusable. Mrs. Hopkins has a rare sense of brilliant and harmonious colour, and her show includes much that deserves to be admired.



## A STAGE KISS.

(FROM AN ACTOR'S POINT OF VIEW)

AMY (*wildly*). I love you! I love you!SIR ATHOL (*crossing to her quickly*). I know it! My own![*They embrace passionately.*]

SO runs the manuscript, and "Sir Athol" presses his lips to hers for several seconds, and Edwin and Angelina in the pit—for it is Early Closing Day in Brixton—squeeze each other's hands and look into each other's eyes and yearn.

"You bet he's pretty sweet on her in *reel* life," observes the sapient Edwin on the way home, "or he'd never kiss her like that!"

"Oh, *do* 'ush!" replies his divinity coyly. "Not but what I thought so too."

And the ardent young stockbroker's clerk, who has a great reputation in his home circle as a "regular flirt," feels that he is being wasted in mere business; that, loving the stage, he would make a splendid "stage lover"; and, with no other qualification than that of suburban Don-Juanism, he forthwith joins Mr. Squeezer's X Company—"fit-up" towns—and starts on his theatrical career at Salisbury Town Hall.

In reality, a stage kiss is a thing of little ecstasy to the parties concerned. It is, as a rule, dreaded by both. Where the artists are of a nervous temperament, the thought of the stage kiss keeps them awake at nights. Never since the days of Judas has anything in kisses been invented so completely giving the lie to the real article. In the first place, however it may seem from the front, it is not easy to put much "soul" into the affair under the eyes of several hundred spectators. It would not be easy, I imagine, in actual life; it is doubly difficult when all these hundreds of people—many of them themselves experienced in the art of osculation—have nothing else to attract their attention, and, having paid their money, mean to see the thing properly done. The audience forgets that, which is probably the case, these ardent lovers are the merest acquaintances, possibly even not on speaking terms outside the theatre, especially if there be a great discrepancy in their respective salaries. No, the dress-circle sees nothing but a sweet, pretty girl clinging to her lover, her blue eyes wet with tears, her sunny ringlets falling on his manly bosom.

But what does *he* see, poor fellow? He is the earnest lover. He has exchanged vows with her, three inches from her nose, bawling into her face in order that the "gods" may hear and understand. She has assured him, in the same bellow, that his love is not in vain; she has loved him, oh! ever since before she saw him. He "thrills"—a stage thrill is comparatively easy—and starts on the kiss. He looks her full in the face (for now he is bound to), and what does he see?

Glaring into his, two unearthly looking eyes, the lids painted dark blue, with a touch of red body-colour in each of the inside corners. The lashes are thickly coated with a black substance, not unlike burnt cork. On her brow he can discern the line of the wig with the sunny ringlets attached. He knows the sickly taste of the ultra-sanguine, rosebud lips. But, loyal to his author, he plays the man. He strains the yielding form to his heart; he "kisses" her; the curtain falls on a picture of unexampled love, and, as the lights in the auditorium are switched on, Edwin and Angelina yearn again. And lo! Angelina's soft eyes are filled with tears, she is that happy!

Who, who can question the stage lover's right to a bottle of stout, or any other refreshment he may require, after this? And surely the ghastly business is no less disagreeable to the poor feminine victim, fresh, very likely, from all the comforts of a refined home, with flowers and things. If only in a stage kiss each wasn't so near to the other! If only each could not see the other! But, by Jove! he *can*, and that is where the trouble of stage kisses comes in.

The crowning torture of a stage kiss may be—and, where possible, is—avoided by the "kiss implied" method. Here the author's victims shoot their heads over each other's shoulder, and, by their ecstatic thrills, give the audience to understand that a kiss *is* going on somewhere in the region of the ear. But the "kiss implied" must be done very adroitly, or the implication will be missing; and he must carefully guard the lapel of his dress-coat from contact with her cheek, for both their sakes. But it is a cowardly subterfuge at the best. Or it may be that a mere planting of the lips on her brow, just near the wig, will suffice; but this "kiss paternal" denotes a flabby, degenerate sort of lover. Again, if matters have not gone to extremes, the young man may get off with kissing the lady's hand; the "kiss reverential" is a good way out of the difficulty when practicable. But the best way of all, from the actor's point of view, is to cut out the objectionable lines and episode, or to re-write the play. This last remedy should not, however, be attempted in London.

V. II

What is stronger than the Yellow Journal in America? The answer is, the advertiser who advertises in the Yellow Journal. Just lately the advertisers in New York have been busy teaching the editors their business. The papers have been full of a small-pox scare, which has subsided as suddenly as it arose. The reason is, a number of prominent advertisers in New York met together and sent a circular letter to the newspapers, informing them that, unless the scare literature immediately ceased, they would no longer advertise in their columns. The scare was, of course, seriously affecting business in the city which sends us so many delightful songstresses.

## A DELIGHTFUL IRISH HOLIDAY RESORT: GREENORE.

*Some of the Charms of the Less-Known but still One of the Most Beautiful of the Many Irish Resorts to which People are Flocking at the Present Time—Its Neighbourhood, its Scenery, its Excursions, its Attractions.*

WHITHER Royalty goes, thither the commonalty follows. So it has always been; so it will always be, for the most democratic of mortals still loves to tread in the footprints of the great ones of the world. The incentive to popularity

WHICH QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT LAST YEAR GAVE TO IRELAND has been felt in a progressive manner, even as a pebble dropped into a pool causes an ever-widening circle to spread through the original point of contact.

Among the manifold beauties of Ireland, let a claim be made here for Greenore, whose situation, if the average mortal, as is likely, does not know, is on Carlingford Lough, under the shadow of the Mourne Mountains, those heights clothed in the stately majesty of oaks, now brilliant in their mantle of green, and, when the autumn sun looks down red from out the grey sky, to be enveloped in gleaming gold and russet.

As for the Lough itself, who needs a description of the beauties so many have praised, of whose health-giving properties physicians are aware, for the

SOFT AIR SEEMS TO FILL THE OVERWROUGHT BODY WITH NEW LIFE as it "courses through the natural veins and alleys of the blood" in obedience to one of the most exquisite rules of our bodily chemistry—a rule to which there is, happily, no exception?

But Greenore itself, delightfully situated on the southern shore of the bay, is, after all, perhaps the spot to which the seeker after quiet, the searcher after health, the holiday-maker intent on new discoveries, will direct his steps. He who does so will be wise in his generation, for it is reached not only without inconvenience, but with comfort, by means of the new steamers of the London and North-Western Railway, which ply daily to and from Holyhead, and it is one of the Irish Ports between England and Belfast and other places in the North of Ireland. Four hours is all the sea-trip takes, for the steamers are good in the best sense, and are modelled in miniature on the lines of the great floating palaces which traverse the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York. In miniature is, perhaps, hardly the phrase to use, seeing that the *Rostrevor*, one of the line, carries a tonnage of 1700, has engines of 2500 horsepower, and can make a speed of 17½ knots an hour.

THUS ONE GOES COMFORTABLY TO ONE'S DESTINATION, WHERE THE TOURIST,

the antiquarian, the golfer, the mountain-climber, the cyclist, the mere seeker after peace and quiet, and the hundreds of others who take holidays for various reasons may, one and all, find the surcease from their avocations and the rest which they most need. Tired of the round of the household life, would you live in a hotel? Here is a hotel to hand replete with every comfort. Wearied with the contact of your kind, would you have a little cottage all your own, where you may rule the roost to your heart's content? Here are bungalows waiting for your reception no whit less full of comfort than the home you have left behind. Is golf a necessity of your existence? Here is a course possessing all the best qualities of seaside links, as varied and as full of difficulties as the most exacting could demand; while those who prefer to chase the flying ball with flying feet can take their fill of lawn-tennis, and the lazier can regale themselves with the charms of croquet. Would you fish in river or in sea, or boat or sail? Greenore will offer not only the facilities, but the sport, which is quite another thing. Fishing may, indeed, be pursued in a novel form by the enterprising, who, laying aside rod and reel, elect to use a bucket at the end of a rope with which to capture the plentifully running mackerel, or, more enterprising still, elect to take skate by means of a spear, and, with the aid of a vivid imagination and a light harpoon, imagine themselves fishing for whale in the freezing waters of the North.

Within the traditional stone's-throw on the other side of the bay, one comes to Greencastle, famous as the spot on which St. Patrick landed when he paid his second visit to Ireland in A.D. 432. Here, too, the antiquarian will find the castle erected by King John, seven centuries ago, on the top of a forbidding-looking rock.

A LITTLE HIGHER UP THE BAY STANDS KILLOWEN, WHERE THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, AS A BOY,

may have dreamed the dreams of future greatness which the fleeting years held in store for him—the spot to which he linked his greatness with his past by using the name of the tiny hamlet to give distinction to the title he had won for himself. From Greenore to Carlingford, with its Abbey built by the Red Earl of Ulster, is but a step, and, though the glory may have departed, yet the very name conjures up the memory of the fact that a Mint was established there by Act of Parliament, that the Sovereign and twelve Burgesses, who formed the Corporation, assembled within the Tholsel to pass laws for the City and Borough, and that in the days when Ireland had a Parliament of its own Carlingford returned two members.

Yes, Greenore and all around it may be to-day an unknown land to the tourist, but it is one which he may confidently be recommended to remove from that category with as little delay as he conveniently can, for let him be assured he will regret no whit the time he spends there.

## A DELIGHTFUL IRISH HOLIDAY RESORT: GREENORE.



CARLINGFORD CASTLE.

A happy sign of the times is the increasing popularity of Ireland as a holiday resort. There are parts of the country absolutely unequalled in those characteristics which make one place pleasanter than another for the holiday-maker. Fresh air, sea-breezes, beautiful scenery, good hotel accommodation, capital travelling facilities, excellent roads for cycling, interesting historical associations—these are what



GREENORE HOTEL AND STEAMER ("ROSTREVOR") ALONGSIDE.

*Photograph taken from a Steamer.*

the holiday-maker looks for when casting round for a place in which to spend a vacation. All these are to be found in a very special degree in that part of Ireland to which these illustrations refer. The tourist may easily study every phase of Irish life and character. Whoever would really see something of Ireland cannot do better than spend a holiday at Greenore, on the shores of Carlingford Lough.



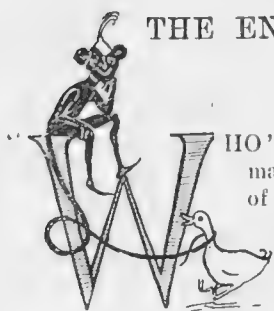
CARLINGFORD LOUGH AND KILLOWEN.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE END OF THE MINOR POET.

BY KEBLE HOWARD.



"WHICH chap?" asked the Journalist, dropping his match on to the Artist's carpet and resting the soles of his boots against the Artist's mantelpiece.

"Which chap?"

"Why, the long-haired cove wasting a sad smile on my left boot."

"That?" said the Artist. "Oh, that's poor old Carter!"

"The fellow that used to write verses under the name of 'Leslie Barrington'?"

"That's the man."

"H'm! He ought to have been a very nightingale. Not that, so far as I know, nightingales have hair. What's become of him? I don't see his name about now."

The Artist looked grave, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe quietly.

"No," he said. "You're not likely to see any of his verses again."

"Phew! I didn't know."

There was silence in the room for a few minutes, during which both men stared at the portrait of the intellectual if slightly affected-looking young man on the mantelpiece. At last—

"He used to live with me, you know," said the Artist.

"I never knew that," said the Journalist. "Where were you hanging out then?"

"In Lincoln's Inn. Not in the Fields, but in the Inn itself. There was about one other man living in the Square besides ourselves, and, whatever time you came in, at night there wasn't a soul, besides the policeman on duty, to be seen. The authorities—Benchers, or whatever they call themselves—also had a playful way of economising by turning out all the lights on the staircases after seven o'clock in the evening. I suppose it was all right for solicitors and people who simply used their chambers as offices, but it was pretty dismal for us, not to say dangerous. We lived on the fourth floor, next to the roof, and I used to light myself up in the early hours with a series of wax matches."

"And one night," said the Journalist, "you awoke to find your bedroom full of smoke and tongues of flame shooting up through the cracks in the floor."

"Rot!" said the Artist. "I never set fire to the place at all, as it happened, although I might have done so easily. Our laundress," he continued, "was a gaunt old thing with a face like a people's statue of Julius Cæsar. She was very popular amongst the gentlemen in the Temple. At least, we had her word for it. She used to tell us about her popularity down there when we complained of the noise she made in the morning, or ventured to ask her, humbly, whether she had ever heard of a little book called 'Dainty Breakfast Dishes for Slender Appetites.' In the end, she gave notice because Carter bought a cookery-book and left it for her in the kitchen."

"H'm! They're difficult people to deal with, laundresses. You should have had a man."

"Yes," assented the Artist; "we should have had, but, as we both happened to be creators—on a small scale—instead of critics, we couldn't afford it."

"Poor devils!" said the Journalist loftily.

"Poor, perhaps, but not utterly disreputable. Sometimes, indeed, we rose to such giddy heights of respectability as to give little tea-parties." The Artist sighed.

"Don't talk about it if it hurts you, old fellow," said the Journalist softly. "I know what indigestion is myself."

"It wasn't indigestion," breathed the Artist; "it was love. Carter insisted on getting a piano up on the hire system, and that's how it all began. She used to play her own accompaniments, and sing to us about home, and rivers, and reeds and things. We hadn't a dog's chance. I can hear her voice now."

"I suppose I am right in presuming that her name was Maisie?"

"No, it wasn't. You're a little too modern to make a good listener. She was called Enid."

The Artist rose, paced the room for a minute, and paused before a rough study of a girl's head that hung on the wall.

"Ah, Enid!" he said softly, examining the date at the corner of the sketch; "you were a volatile young person, weren't you?"

"Let's have a look at the lady," said the Journalist, joining him. "Did you draw that?" he asked, fingering the frame that contained the picture.

"Why not?" demanded the Artist.

"Oh, nothing!" said the Journalist; "only I can see that you were very much in love with your model. That's one of the best things you ever did."

"Of course I was!" admitted the Artist. "We both were, desperately."

"She was rich, I suppose?"

"Beastly rich! That was the difficulty. Carter used to say that the thought of her money paralysed his poetic instinct."

"Paralysed his instinct' is good," said the Journalist. "And you—?"

"Oh! it didn't paralyse me exactly, but it made me diffident, don't you know. Her father was a wine-merchant in a big way. Her mother was dead, and the little lady did pretty much as she liked. In addition to taking lessons in singing and piano-playing, the versatile Miss Enid also dabbled in Literature, and—though her work was rather too brilliant to warrant publication—often succeeded in monopolising the time and attention of an editor, to the infinite disgust of hard-working but uninteresting journalistic veterans."

They sat down again, and the Journalist looked at the Artist expectantly.

"Suicide?" he asked, indicating, with a sideways nod, the portrait of the Minor Poet on the mantelpiece.

"Don't be a nuisance!" said the Artist testily. "I'm giving you the story in my own way. In course of time, I got to know Enid's father. Carter refused to go near the old man: he said he could scent his riches from afar. However, for the sake of the girl I loved, I consented to be dined and wined as lavishly as a Pressman at an inaugural banquet. The wine-merchant rather took to me, and I spent several very pleasant evenings at his house."

"One night——"

"Ha!" The Journalist sat up in his chair and looked aggressively professional.

"Please don't snort," said the Artist. "One night, I came home late. I had been spending a delightful evening with Enid, marred occasionally by the necessity of having to listen to her father's account of how he made his pile out of half-a-dollar and a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe.' After a time, however, he had fallen asleep, and the sound of his snores filled in those charming little gaps in our conversation that are apt to occur when people are too happy to be commonplace and too interested to be polite. Before I left, I had proposed to her in the hall, and she had accepted me on the mat."

"And when you got back to your chambers——?"

"I left her an hour later, returned to Lincoln's Inn by hansom, fumbled my way up the dark stairs, and crept into bed."

"What time would it be then?" asked the Journalist in a hoarse whisper.

"I don't know!" hissed the Artist. "I fell asleep at once, but woke about two hours later with the certainty that someone else was in the room. I struck a match, lit a candle by the side of my bed, and saw that I was right."

"It was Carter?"

"Of course it was! He was standing at the foot of my bed, dressed only in his pyjamas. At first, I thought he must be walking in his sleep, for his eyes stared at me wildly and his face was as pale as death."

The Journalist looked nervously at the portrait on the mantelpiece and shuddered.

"He didn't speak a word," went on the Artist; "so I said, 'Hullo! old man, what's the matter?'"

"Yes?" The Journalist was trembling visibly.

"Don't be a fool!" said the Artist. "This isn't a melodrama: this is serious. When I spoke to him, he passed his hand over his eyes and gave a deep sigh. I asked him again what was the matter, but the only answer I got was, 'Thank God!'"

"Did he swoon?" asked the Journalist breathlessly.

"No, certainly not! He sat down on my portmanteau and looked much better. So I asked him a third time what he was getting at, and at last he condescended to explain. 'I had a dream,' he said, 'and, in my dream, I saw you lying on your bed, dead. I was so horrified that I awoke and staggered in here to see if the dream was true. At first, I was afraid to look at the bed; but, when you struck a match, the sense of relief was almost overpowering.' He was silent for a minute or two, and then he added, 'I wonder what the dream meant?'"

"Well?" asked the Journalist. "Did you tell him?"

"At first, it didn't occur to me; but suddenly I remembered that dreams go by opposites, and the whole thing, of course, was as plain as possible. So I told him, then and there, that I had proposed to Enid and that she had accepted me."

"Lord!" said the Journalist, slapping his knee, "what a lovely situation!"

"It may strike you like that," said the Artist, "but I thought it was beastly awkward. Poor old Carter was struck all of a heap; as they say. He simply got up from the portmanteau, staggered out of the room, and I heard him shut his own door with a bang. After he had gone, I tried to get to sleep again, for I was always a believer, you know, in letting things shape themselves as far as possible. But, hard as I tried, I couldn't sleep another wink. I kept on thinking about poor Carter and his dream, and the snoring old wine-merchant, and all the rest of it, until my brain was in a worse state of chaos than usual. Then I began to wonder seriously how Carter was feeling about my engagement. I knew he was a morbid sort of chap if anything went wrong with him, and I also knew that he was fearfully in love with Enid. It occurred to me that I ought to go into his room, perhaps, and say something by way of apology for having cut him out."

The Journalist put his hand over his eyes.

"The more I thought about it, the more evident it seemed that I



"THE END OF THE MINOR POET."

"The versatile Miss Enid also dabbled in Literature, and—though her work was rather too brilliant to warrant publication—often succeeded in monopolising the time and attention of an editor, to the infinite disgust of hard-working but uninteresting journalistic veterans"



ought to give him a bit of bucking-up. So I got out of bed, felt my way along the passage, and was just going to open his door when I heard a groan."

"Excellent!" said the Journalist, scenting melodrama.

"Excellent be blowed! It gave me a nasty turn, I can tell you. The place was still as death, the night was pitch-dark, and I hadn't the faintest idea what I might find inside that room. However, it was too late to draw back then, and in I went."

"To see the Poet stretched out upon the floor, a razor in his hand, a gash in his throat, and his beautiful curls dabbling in a pool of his own blood!"

"You're the least intelligent man in Fleet Street," said the Artist, "and that's saying something. As a matter of fact, he was sitting on the bed, composing verses to his lost love."

"Did he fly at you?"

"No. He waved me away airily, and went on with his composition. Two days later, the poem appeared in a penny evening paper. It was entitled, 'Her Soul is Mine,' and really read rather well. It occurred to me that Enid would like to know exactly how her component parts were distributed, so I took a copy over to show her. However, I was too late, for Carter had already sent her the cutting by a District Messenger-boy."

"She was annoyed, of course?"

"That's what I had expected, but you never know with women. She was so flattered—touched, she called it—that she insisted on meeting Carter to bid him farewell. The end of it was that she broke it off with me and got engaged to him."

"Get out!"

"Fact, I assure you! But now comes the moral. The old man said there was no money in minor poetry, and made him go into the wine business. He had to agree, and the very day that he put on a frock-coat and went up to the City, 'Leslie Barrington,' minor poet, died."

"And Mr. Carter?"

"Oh! Mr. Carter is a flourishing wine-merchant, with heaps of money and a growing family."

The talk ceased suddenly; the Journalist was struggling with an idea. After a few moments, however, he reached over, and shook the Artist by the hand.

"Old man," he said, "I congratulate you!"

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THERE are some interesting literary portraits in this year's New Gallery. The most striking is, of course, the Hon. John Collier's new painting of Rudyard Kipling, which was finished, I believe, at Rottingdean just before Mr. Kipling started for South Africa. On the whole, it is a disappointing picture, and certainly unlike any other painting or photograph of Kipling that I have seen. The first thing that strikes one is that, if Mr. Kipling is not careful, he will burn his trousers badly, for he seems to be standing within a few inches of the flame of the fire which serves as a background to the picture. I am no art-critic, but it seems to me that this is due to the flatness of the painting, in which the figure is leaning against a white wall while the fire is consuming his nether parts. This may be allegorical, but, if so, it requires an explanation. The whole pose of the figure, with its short blue jacket, and low, turned-down collar, is extraordinarily boyish. Indeed, it would serve as a presentation of the autobiographical hero of "Stalky and Co." The face, especially the forehead, which is high and almost narrow, seems to me to lack strength and distinction; the eyes, however, are excellent, bright, far-seeing, and humorous. I have not seen Mr. Kipling often, but I should not credit him with such a spare and athletic figure. He has always struck me as having in marked degree the high shoulders and stoop of the man of the desk, and surely the artist has exaggerated the high colour of the face. It is certainly a happy picture, distinctly fluttering, and not in any way suggestive of Kipling the man of letters.

Another interesting portrait is Mr. Ward's painting of Mark Twain. This is a particularly successful piece of work, but if, as I suppose, it was painted during Mr. Clemens's last visit to this country, the artist has hardly done justice to Mark Twain's wonderful mane of white hair. The pose and the expression are excellent, and the artist has caught wonderfully well the slight flush on the cheek. From the furrowed brow and knit eyebrows, it is evident that Mark Twain is pondering an extemporary joke.

By the way, I see that Mark Twain has been telling a new story about himself which, like most of his autobiographical touches, may or may not be true. He once had an engagement to lecture in a small town in, say, the Western Reserve, and was met at the railway station by the minister, as the leader of the intellectual society in this place. The minister welcomed the distinguished visitor, and, as they walked up to the parsonage, where Mark was to be housed and fed during his stay, his host conversed on several topics, and finally said, "Mr. Clemens, it has always been our custom, in this little town, to open every entertainment given here with prayer, and I should like to do so to-night, if agreeable to you. Would you have any objection to my doing so?" "Why, my dear sir," replied Mark warmly, "on the contrary, it will give me great pleasure—I should be very glad to know that the lecture was going to be started right, anyhow."

So, with this understanding, they went to the lecture-room that evening, and the minister left the lecturer sitting in the corner of the platform, took the centre of the stage himself, and proceeded to offer a prayer about half-an-hour long, in the course of which he gave his views on all the current affairs of interest, and concluded by saying, "And now, O Lord, we have with us to-night a man who is known throughout all the world as a great American humorist. Help us, O Lord—help us to understand what he is about to say to us, and to be amused by it; and, if possible, grant that we may derive some real benefit from his lecture."

Mr. Clemens has been confiding to another newspaper-man some of his early experiences in business. He has a great objection to people believing him when he talks about himself, so it is hardly necessary to accept his statement that he lost £8000 in trying to develop an invention, £11,200 trying to publish one of his own books, and £34,000 in bringing out a machine which was to do something or other, "For the life of me I cannot recollect what." But the advice with which he closes the article is so exceptionally good and so obviously true that it should not be lost. "My axiom is," says Mark Twain, "to succeed in business, avoid my example."

I hear that a great History of the World, which will run to a large number of volumes, is shortly to be offered on the instalment plan through one of the London dailies.

Mr. MacColl is back again as Editor of the *Athenæum*. This, however, is only a temporary arrangement while Mr. Vernon Rendall, the new Editor, is away on his honeymoon.

The advance orders for Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Eternal City," are exceedingly large. It is to be published in August, and something like fifteen thousand copies have already been booked, although, of course, no attempt has yet been made by the publishers to secure orders from the large houses.

The Society of Authors is sending out the following interesting advertisement: "The Committee earnestly advise authors never on any account to bind themselves to any publishers for future work, and to withdraw from any Literary Agent who advises them to do so." I have the greatest respect for the Society of Authors, but I would venture to suggest that its revenue might be put to better use. Only the successful author is likely to have the chance of binding himself for future work, and the successful author is quite capable of looking after his own affairs. I certainly think that there is hardly a Literary Agent in existence who would not advise an author to accept contracts for future books, providing, of course, that the terms were reasonable. It is merely a matter of business on the very ancient principle that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Quite a mass of literature relating to the Negro question is being published in the United States. Most of it is distinguished by vigorous and often virulent attacks on the Negroes, and it is a pleasure to come across the preface of a new autobiography by Professor Booker T. Washington, entitled "Up from Slavery," in which he states, "I had rather be what I am, a member of the Negro race, than be able to claim membership with the most favoured of any other race." A book which starts like that should be worth reading.

A most remarkable work on Heinrich Heine, by Georg Karpeles, has recently been published in Leipsic. It throws a wealth of new light on Heine's life and times, and certainly dispels a number of pleasant illusions. To begin with, Herr Karpeles proves that Heine constantly lied as to his age, and that, instead of having written "The Two Grenadiers" at the age of eighteen, he was at least twenty-one when the famous song was penned. It is interesting, too, to discover that Heine was, at different times in his career, immersed in commerce. He was at one time a grocer's assistant in Frankfort, and afterwards a stockbroker in the same city. He removed, according to Karpeles, to Hamburg, where he carried on a thriving commission business, and, having accumulated a small fortune, made his way to Prague, where he lost every penny of it in a gas "boom." The ruthless Karpeles shows, too, that, in spite of Heine's supposed detestation of Prussian despotism, he was at the very moment that he was rousing the liberty-lovers anxious to join the Junkers. The new biographer examines Heine's various poems, and shows how almost every one is distinguished by some ignoble hate or degrading prejudice. The book is not pleasant reading, but it is evident that the author has made a number of new discoveries in Heine's biography. It would be interesting to have Mr. Zangwill's opinion of the book.

The success of the "Englishwoman's Love Letters" has created quite a boom in fictitious correspondence, and I hear that Mr. John Long will shortly publish a novel in the form of a series of letters which will be called "The Aristocrats." The book is supposed to be written by an aristocratic lady who withholds her name. But is not this kind of thing rather played out?

Last week I suggested that the English publishers would have to learn from their American confrères how to advertise their books, but I hope nothing that I have said will encourage them to go the length of an American publisher who announces that the author of one of his new novels is a member of Chicago's exclusive set, the daughter of the Steel magnate. The hero of her novel is a newsboy, who develops into a strong, manly man, and it is a curious coincidence that the author's first sweetheart delivered papers at her home.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE past week was almost a record—six first-class productions due in the West-End houses, and a *Sunday Special* matinée at the Criterion into the bargain! Of the last it is not needful to say much. *The Sketch* does not like plays of "The Jensen Family" class, however clever, but it must be admitted

that there is real brain-force in Edward Hörger's picture of a kind of Danish Nana. Moreover, the production must be mentioned, because it brought a long-denied chance to Miss Elliott-Page, who promptly took it and gave a brilliant performance which is likely to win fuller recognition of her powers.

## THE ROYAL OPERA SEASON.

I hear promising accounts of Covent Garden prospects for the coming season. The Royal Opera Syndicate is likely to have excellent support. The King and Queen intend to be frequent visitors, my readers will rejoice to hear, and the chief aristocratic patrons will be seen in their old places. Dr. Stanford's new opera, "Much Ado About Nothing," is to be produced during the



THE LATE MR. D'OYLY CARTE AT THE AGE OF 18.

Photo by Fankner, Baywater.

second week of the season, which commences on May 13 with Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," a delightful opera which was greeted coldly when first produced here, although Mario and Adelina Patti appeared as the lovers. The late Sir Augustus Harris had great faith in Gounod's grand work, which has become popular during recent seasons, Madame Melba and M. Jean de Reszke charming opera-goers as the lovers. On the second night, Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," will be performed in German. On Wednesday, Wagner's "Tannhäuser" is to be given. Verdi's "Rigoletto," considered by many his best opera, will be revived probably on Thursday, and on Friday the ever-popular "Faust." Saturday will be devoted to Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." M. Van Dyck will be the Tristan, and Mdlle. Frankel Claus, from Prague, is announced as Isolde. I am informed that the band and chorus this season will be unusually efficient.

## A SECOND OPERA HOUSE

for London is much talked of in musical circles. I hear that an American millionaire, a couple of Dukes or more, and several members of great City establishments are joining a syndicate for the purpose of erecting a fine Opera House in Tottenham Court Road. At one period we had two Opera Houses in London, but I remember the last days of Her Majesty's, when choristers begged at the footlights and coins were thrown to them on the stage. There was also a splendid house erected on the embankment, but never used for operatic purposes.

## MR. AND MRS. D'OYLY CARTE.

It will be interesting to all patrons of Savoy opera—and huge indeed is the number—to have the portraits of the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte and of his devoted, wonderfully clever wife presented on this page. Neither portrait has ever been published before—indeed, Mrs. Carte has never had her portrait printed previously. Poor Mr. Carte is shown in the yachting garb he was wont to don during the few holidays he would permit himself, in the company of his helpful wife and of one of his sons.

Mr. Lucas D'Oyly Carte.



The late D'Oyly Carte. Mrs. Carte.

MR. AND MRS. D'OYLY CARTE AND THEIR SON LUCAS ON BOARD THEIR YACHT IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR IN 1895: A SOUVENIR.

The value of business capacity when allied to theatrical matters (as it very seldom is) is especially evident in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Carte. He had had a strict training in a business-house before helping to found at the Opéra-Comique the wonderful comic-opera triumvirate of himself, the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose health is, unfortunately, anything but good. Mrs. Carte, formerly Miss Helen Lenoir, had, before her association with theatrical matters, not only had good experience in "business" circles, but had also taken high honours in what some call "educational pursuits." Not only poor Carte, but Gilbert and Sullivan likewise, always bowed to Mrs. Carte, so ingrained and unflinching was her common-sense. The result of all this has been a theatrical and musical combination of which the whole theatrical and musical world and playgoers generally are proud, not only because the pieces produced are in every sense artistic and exhilarating, but also because they are among the most wholesome stage-products of our time. An instance of Mrs. Carte's untiring energy is shown by the fact that, when the present writer paid a friendly call, a day or two ago, to inquire after her health—which has been very poor since her sad loss—he found that she had insisted upon sitting up to write some letters. And in that one sitting she wrote off thirty-two!

## SIGNOR MASCAGNI,

whose "Cavalleria Rusticana" is so popular, is about to compose some new marches for the Italian Army, the King having an idea that the martial music now being performed is not sufficiently stimulating to inspire his soldiers.

## MRS. LANGTRY'S IMPERIAL THEATRE.

It is very agreeable to have what is really a handsome, comfortable, new playhouse on the very convenient site of the old theatre of which we have pleasant as well as painful memories. The Imperial has started on a career of good-fortune. Perhaps the Berton play in the Sardou style does not show full mastery of the magician's methods, but "A Royal Neck-lace," if not great as drama, will serve as an entertainment, and playgoers will hasten to see the gorgeous gowns, effective episodes, strange features of French life, and capital acting. Marie Antoinette has long been a popular character with playgoers, some of whom will remember the triumphs of the late Madame Ristori and Mdlle. Beatrice in the part. It may well be guessed that Mrs. Langtry is one of the most beautiful representatives on the stage of the hapless Queen, and in the double parts of Mdlle. Oliva the light-o'-love and Marie the indiscreet the actress was able to give vigorous, well-distinguished performances. Mrs. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Taber rendered valuable service; and the *mise-en-scène* vies in beauty with the lustrous and costly Parisian costumes.

## EDNA MAY: "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE."

It seems a little too audacious to call the new play at the Duke of York's Theatre "musical comedy," unless "across there" the word "comedy" has a different meaning from what it has "down here." For, compared with it, "The Belle of New York" was sincere, coherent drama. Just as a famous lawyer once said that a little knowledge of law is not harmful to a barrister, so one may hint that a little sense and story would not injure an American musico-dramatic entertainment. "Across here" we like to have variety shows in variety houses, not in theatres. Of course, the performers are very clever, and the music is lively and at times luscious, and Edna May is Edna May unchanged since she took London by storm, save that her voice has grown a little stronger, and to many it is sufficient pleasure to see and hear her, whether the piece is clever or not. Moreover, there are some very clever people with her. Miss Virginia Earl does not seem to get a full chance of explaining her great popularity in the States, but Messrs. Montgomery, Stone, and Aldrich gave wonderful turns; in fact, the dance of the two pirates very nearly turned the scale, for the house was delighted by it, and, indeed, though the word "dance" is rather inappropriate for anything so graceless, their work was, perhaps, the most remarkable of its kind seen in London in the days of *The Sketch*.



MRS. D'OYLY CARTE, THE CLEVER LADY NOW MANAGING THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photo by Marc Gambier, New York.



## IN "SWEET AND TWENTY"

the Vaudeville has a piece which seems as sure of success as it is rich in merit. The pretty sentiment of the play is irresistible, and its agreeable humour catches everyone. No problems, no puzzles, but simply a true love-story, with a trace of sorrow, with a note of jealousy, and ultimately



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS,  
SWEET JOAN TREVELYAN IN "SWEET AND TWENTY,"  
AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

in the second Act, was unusually good. Mr. Beveridge, the parson father of the brothers in love with one girl, acted charmingly, and Miss Mary Rorke, as an old family-servant—"old" is very inaccurate, seeing that she looked very handsome and hardly middle-aged—played admirably. Mr. Holbrook Blinn, though clever, was perhaps a little heavy as the unsuccessful suitor; Mr. Emney was very diverting in a broad-comedy character.

## "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S."

Mr. Anstey's piece is exceedingly clever and amusing, and doubtless ere these lines are published the now well-founded reproach that it drags at times will have become ill-founded. Cuts must be made, and the result will be a curious play full of humour and satire. Mr. Anstey's wit has long had recognition, but it was legitimate to doubt whether it would carry across the footlights: it does, and we may be thankful. His next piece, probably will not be such a menagerie affair, but contain more direct dramatic effect, and this will be a gain. Yet the new work at the Prince of Wales's Theatre seems good enough for all purposes, and even the very people satirised, and, possibly one should say, caricatured, will go and roar with laughter at the Ledbury Square society and its attitude towards a real live lord. The rich uncle, admirably played by Mr. H. Kemble; the vulgar, energetic Mrs. Tidmarsh, brilliantly acted by Miss Fanny Brough; the suburban society swell, intensely amusing in the hands of Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald; the delightful little Beatrice Terry; pretty Miss Bateman; the down-trodden governess who marries a lord; the eccentric Mrs. Ditchwater, cleverly represented by Miss Hetta Bartlett; and the imposing temporary butler who demands full recognition of his dignity, and is very cleverly presented by Mr. Playfair, form a remarkable group excellently supported by the ladies and gentlemen representing less important yet highly individualised characters. Of course, Mr. Charles Hawtrey is the noble Lord mistaken for the "Man from Blankley's," and all he has to do is done with absolute ease and fine skill. It is earnestly to be trusted that he and Mr. Anstey will work hard together to trim the little comedy and give it full chance of enjoying the success deserved by it.

## THE NEW CENTURY THEATRE

(which an official tells me is "rising Phoenix-like on the ruins of the Adelphi") will start with quite a different class of entertainment from that to which the public were accustomed on the site hitherto sacred to melodrama. It is to be inaugurated with a new American musical piece by the composer and author of "The Belle of New York" and "The Girl from Up There," MM. Kerker and Morton, entitled "The Whirl of the Town." I am told that Mr. G. B. McLellan has engaged a strong company for this production, the accomplished comedian, Mr. Dan Daly, and Miss Madge Lessing, who was so winsome in the Drury Lane pantomime, being the principals.

## THE PLAY IN PARIS.

Jane Hading approved herself a really great artist in "Vertige," at the Athénée Théâtre. She had a colossal struggle with her part on account of the poor way in which she was supported by the other actors. It seemed impossible to believe that a woman of fine instincts could leave a husband that was all that was courteous and distinguished for a man who was, as portrayed by the actor, nothing more than a vulgar cad. But by splendid acting she saved the part. A somewhat curious side-light on Paris theatrical customs is revealed by the play. The beautiful Suzanne Munte was supplied with dresses free, gratis, and for nothing by an enterprising costumier anxious for the advertisement. At rehearsal she wore the dresses, but on the first-night appeared in her own robes. A law action is looming. The Ambigu's "Le Petit Muet" will appeal to a tearful and believable public. I am afraid, though, that the average man will smile at the idea of a man who sees a murder committed before his very eyes and cannot recall the murderer on account of being slightly in his cups, and the child struck dumb with horror.

## MIDLE. SOREL.

I am extremely sorry to hear that Mdle. Sorel has left the Odéon in favour of the Théâtre-Français. From the artist's point of view, it is an advance; from the playgoer's, it is a loss. Mdle. Sorel, who is a delightful actress, will be passed into the second rank, and will be hardly seen twenty times a year. Bernhardt has done much out of sheer kindness to spoil promising artists' careers by engaging them after a success and keeping them on full salary for years without having a chance to give them a rôle.

To-night (Wednesday) Mr. Weedon Grossmith will present his new farcical comedy, "The Night of the Party," at the Avenue, from which theatre the snake-lady play, "Nicandra," lately departed after a fortnight's run. "The Night of the Party" was recently tried by Mr. Grossmith at the Empire Theatre, Southend, and at the Brixton and Camden Theatres, and with tremendous success at each.

Mr. Penley, now looking well and ruddy after his severe illness, tells me that he expects to return to his Great Queen Street Theatre in about three weeks from now, when he will revive that rollicking record-breaker, "Charley's Aunt."

What looks like a big histrionic treat will be given at Her Majesty's to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon, when Mr. Beerbohm Tree, aided by several leading London players from all sorts of theatres, will play W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson's two plays, "Beau Austin" and "Macaire." The first-named piece Mr. Tree produced at the Haymarket some years ago. "Macaire," on the other hand, is new to playgoers. The performance is in aid of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund.



MISS GRACIE LEIGH, WHO PLAYS MISS MIDDLETON IN "YOU AND I," THE  
NEW ONE-ACT MUSICAL PLAY BY SEYMOUR HICKS, AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*Jaunts in the Country—A Tour Abroad—Chainless Bicycles—The Deterioration of Tubes—"Major" Taylor.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, May 1, 8.20; Thursday, 8.22; Friday, 8.23; Saturday, 8.25; Sunday, 8.26; Monday, 8.28; Tuesday, 8.29.

Well, we have had a good experience of summer weather at last, though it was tardy in coming, and most of us had become a little pessimistic as to whether the trees would ever bud again or the roads be anything but direful slush. Only yesterday, when out for a long spin, my companion was grumbling at the excessive heat, demanding to know exactly how much farther it was to an inn, where he could get a drink, and wishing the atmosphere would be a little less sultry. This just shows how hard it is to please some folks. In the summer, we think of the delights of riding through a crisp wintry air, and in the winter we pray for the time when we can dawdle through the leafy lanes and shelter from the scorching sun beneath heavy-branched trees. Personally, I feel just about ten years younger with the coming of summer. I love sunshine, and a good, stiff ride through the country, which just now is bursting into glory, is one of the most delightful experiences that can come to the heart of man.

I have seen a number of people wearing blue goggles whilst riding. Of course, these are a protection to the eye from the excessive glare and the dust. But I just want to give a hint. Those who wear spectacles should avoid concave glasses, which are inclined to injure the eye, and wear those in which the glasses are absolutely straight. Those, however, who do not care for goggles, but who find, on returning home after a ride, that their eyes smart from wind and dust, will find that a little vaseline rubbed vigorously upon the eyelids with one's fingers soothes away the uncomfortable feeling.

Though every part of Great Britain has its own particular charm to the cyclist, those of us who live in the neighbourhood of London naturally think that the southern roads are the best and most picturesque in the land. Knowing the whole of the country pretty well, I am not going to agree entirely with that. Yet there is no denying that, when the weather is fine, the roads for fifty miles around the Metropolis are among the most charming to be found anywhere. Londoners, therefore, who want a delicious ride at present cannot do better than have a day along the Thames Valley.

In the next number of the *Cyclists' Touring Club Gazette* there will, of course, be a full explanation of the Customs restrictions which have been removed from the British cyclist who wants to go touring in France. Hitherto, difficulties have hedged the Briton's entry into France, and for some years the best way to overcome these has been to become a member of the "C.T.C." and show the badge, which was understood to rather smooth one's entry. Personally, when I have gone on the Continent, I have never found any necessity to show my "C.T.C." badge. A friendly nod to the Customs officials has always been my passport. Still, there was the possibility of my being called upon to show credentials, and therefore my ticket was always in my pocket. All that, however, is now removed; the French authorities have broken down the barrier, and the English cyclist can enter France with little more difficulty than he has in entering Ireland.

It is rather curious how cyclists, when they go abroad, generally follow one another's well-worn track. The roads of Normandy and

Brittany are covered with the tyre-marks of English cyclists. Normandy and Brittany are, of course, delightful. But there are other places well worth visiting. To the cyclist who has a clear fortnight or three weeks to spare, there is a very interesting ride that I can recommend. Take boat from Harwich over to Antwerp and ride to Brussels. From Brussels go over into Germany to Cologne; keep along the Rhine Valley by way of Coblenz, Mainz, on to Heidelberg, Stuttgart, Ulm, and so to Munich. The roads are magnificent, the hotel accommodation is good and cheap, and the scenery of the Rhine Valley is everything the guide-book says it is. Some of the towns that one passes through seem to send you back into the fourteenth century. From Munich strike down into Switzerland, where you can test your powers in hill-climbing; then cross over into France, ride to Paris, and come home by way of Rouen and Dieppe. You can do this trip in a very easy three weeks, and, if you do not insist too much on your John Bull superiority, you will have a good time.

It has been a marvel to me for years why the chainless bicycle has not "caught on" more in this country. To hear the ordinary cyclist talk, you would think the chainless wheel had been proved to be rubbish, and that nothing on earth can be better than the ordinary chain. I do not decry the chain; but, as I have a personal dislike to gear-cases and prefer an uncovered chain, I am well aware of the sad trouble that frequently arises from the chain becoming hard-running with grit. In America I have ridden bevel-gear chainless bicycles, been impressed with their efficiency and neatness, and have consequently wondered why we do not have more chainless wheels in England. I have never pretended to be an authority on mechanics, but I have asked many an authority what was the objection to the chainless bicycle, and I must say that, to my unscientific mind, the objections raised have never been convincing. Indeed, there has gradually crept into my mind the belief that the chief objection is nothing more than British prejudice.

At the end of last season there was a considerable outcry against the constant deterioration of many of the tyres on the market. Let us hope this season things will go better. Those who have had their bicycles stored away all the winter months in a garret, and are just now taking off their wraps to give them summer wear, may notice that the rubber is sometimes stiff and unpliable. This, however, should not lead to the throwing away of the tyres

as useless. To soften the rubber, get a bowl of warm water and gently spin the tyre through it, and then squeeze the rubber with your hand, and it will be found that the tyre will almost instantly become pliable. Very often an inner tube that has been put away for a number of months will be found rather stiff. To rejuvenate it, as it were, let it pass through the steam puffing out from the spout of a kettle.

Though I have never taken part in a race in my life, and I have not been to a race-meeting for a long time, because I regard motor-pacing as derogatory to sport, I cannot help admitting I have a sort of sneaking interest in the career of the famous coloured American rider, "Major" Taylor, who is one of the most marvellous riders in the world, and in the United States has simply run away from everybody. Last year it was hoped Taylor would come over to Europe to meet some of the European champions. He was willing enough, but, as Taylor has religious scruples against riding on a Sunday, which is a great day for race-meetings on the Continent, the project fell through. He is now, however, in Europe, and although, at the start, he did not show up so well as his reputation led us to expect, subsequent races have opened our eyes to the possibility that before the end of the season he may be the admitted Champion of the World.

J. F. F.



MRS. L. T. MEADE, THE WELL-KNOWN WRITER FOR GIRLS.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*The City.*

The race for the City and Suburban was the hollowest affair I have seen for many years. It was a case of Eclipse first and the rest nowhere, and I really believe that on that particular day Australian Star would have won with another ten pounds on his back. I was glad to see the horse win, as I have always argued that horses could be trained at Epsom to win big races if they were good enough. I am only sorry that those good local owners,

weight-compilers do the rounds of the training-grounds and look out for the fat horses? Many owners think it a smart thing to run their horses to let the Handicappers have a look at them.

*The King's Horses.*

The rumour that His Majesty may sell off his racing stud must be taken with a very big pinch of salt. His Majesty is hardly likely to desert the Sport of Kings at this time of day, and I hope to see the Royal colours carried successfully for many years to come. The breeding stud at Sandringham has up to now been a very great success, and I would respectfully argue that the sporting public dearly love to see the King's horses running for the owner who bred them. Of course, it is not possible for any owner to command success, but it is certain, if I read racing history aright, that the owner who pays special attention to the breeding of his horses has a big advantage over the man who is all the time on the hunt for bargains. We have seen this in the cases of the late Duke of Westminster, the late Lord Falmouth, and the present Duke of Portland, not to mention Mr. H. McCalmont and many others. Those owners who breed to race have a lot the better of the argument.

*The Heat.*

The recent heat-wave was most trying to racegoers. I found getting off and on the Grand Stands very hard work, and I hope the time will arrive when the proprietors of the Grand Stand at Epsom will take us to the top per American platform or by hydraulic lift. The lift could easily be built outside the Stand, and a charge made for its use. And, while I am on the subject of heat, I might add that a correspondent thinks I ought to recommend the wearing of sandals on the feet during the very hot weather. He says they would be found most comfortable and would stand any reasonable wear-and-tear. A pair could be bought for about five shillings, and cyclists speak well of them.

*Jockeys.*

We hear very little about the relative merits of the English and American jockeys now. There are thousands of English racegoers who think the Americans cannot ride well, but I am of a different opinion. I think Sloan is the finest horseman I have ever seen, and for that reason I should much like to see him get his licence again. The Reiffs, Maher, C. Jenkins, and MacDermott are all good riders that could hold their own with any English jockey of our time. The Cannons, S. Loates, W. Lane, Halsey, and Rickaby are good jockeys, but we have two or three score of riders who are not of the top class. I think the majority of our horsemen are unsuccessful because they treat the animals they ride as so many wild beasts. The Yankees, on the other hand, deal gently with the horses under their charge.

CAPTAIN COE.



MR. H. J. KING'S EVASIT (J. REIFF UP) COMING IN TO WEIGH AFTER WINNING THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES, BEATING KING'S MESSENGER AND STOCCADO.

Mr. H. J. King's brown colt Evasit is by Adieu—Ultima Thule, 4 years, 7 st. 7 lb. (including 10 lb. extra). Colours—green, cerise belt and cap.

Lord Rosebery and Mr. Ben Elham, should send their horses elsewhere to be trained when they have such good, sound going at home. I happen to know that the late Lord Russell of Killowen, who was a good judge, considered Epsom to be a useful training centre.

*The Reiffs.*

I rode home from Epsom with the brothers Lester and Johnny Reiff. They are two of the most respectable lads to be found on the Turf, and they are in private life a pattern to the American jockeys. Johnny, who had just ridden the winner of the Great Metropolitan, was tired and inclined to sleep. He finds riding in railway-trains much harder work than riding in races. Boy-like, he was very proud of his tiny watch-chain—a cheap but useful article, by-the-bye. He has just added to his feline family, someone having presented him with a splendid Persian cat. Johnny looks much thinner in the face than he did at Goodwood last year, but he is enjoying the best of health. Lester, too, looks very fit, but he has to do a lot of wasting, and tells me it is very trying to his constitution in the damp climate to be encountered in this country. He resorts to Turkish baths, but gives purgatives a wide berth when possible, as he finds the continual taking of medicine makes him so thirsty. I advised him to take a foreign water.

*Handicapping.*

It cannot be said that the Handicappers have been very successful this year up to now. Perhaps it is that the fit horses have such an advantage that they can make light of penalties when pitted against half-trained animals. I suggest that the weights for the Spring Handicaps be given to us in sections. Thus, the weights for the City and Suburban ought not to be compiled until after the decision of the Lincoln Handicap, and the weights for the Jubilee Stakes should be kept back until after the City and Suburban has been decided. It is hard lines on the managers of the Epsom and Kempton Meetings when their "gates" are influenced by the doings of the Handicappers. Again, why should not the



MR. SPENCER GOLLAN'S AUSTRALIAN STAR, WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN AT EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

Mr. Spencer Gollan's Australian Star is by Australian Peer—Colours, 5 years, 7 st. 10 lb. (including 10 lb. extra).

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

FOR the makers of artificial flowers both at home and abroad this will be a busy Season, as Dame Fashion, who not so long ago turned up her dainty nose at these "verisimilitudes of Nature," as relating to the decoration of evening-dresses, now changes her august opinion, and declares artificial flowers to be a necessary component part of such *grande tenue* as ball or dinner-party demands.

The art of flower-making has made such strides in the delicacy and dexterity of its latest productions as to in great part account for this

opportunity of a summer day in the country now and then, and so view the works of a greater Flower-Maker than all. I think the notion might be reduced to practice if taken up by somebody with a kind heart and a loosened purse-string.

Returning to our consideration of the fashions, not alone are long trails to be worn on the skirts of dresses and clusters on the bodices, but wreaths more or less elaborate are prepared for the hair, and complete chaplets of fairy-like blossoms will crown our other crowning glory this Season; while, for bridesmaids, the regulation hat is, I am glad to chronicle, already deposed amongst people in the first flight for those dainty flower-wreaths that have lately figured at weddings with such picturesque effect. This recent modicum of hot weather which has dropped down on our wind-driven world straight from the lap of the Gods has given us only a taste for more. Never has the country been more unexpectedly delicious than within the past fortnight, with its show of fruit-blossom and peeping flowers sprung up on the mid-winter footsteps of March.

People have been caught napping in winter garments, and, as a consequence of the sunshine, dressmakers have come on laborious days earlier than usual, a condition, however, which they will not gird at, no doubt, seeing how stale and unprofitable have been these long days of mourning.

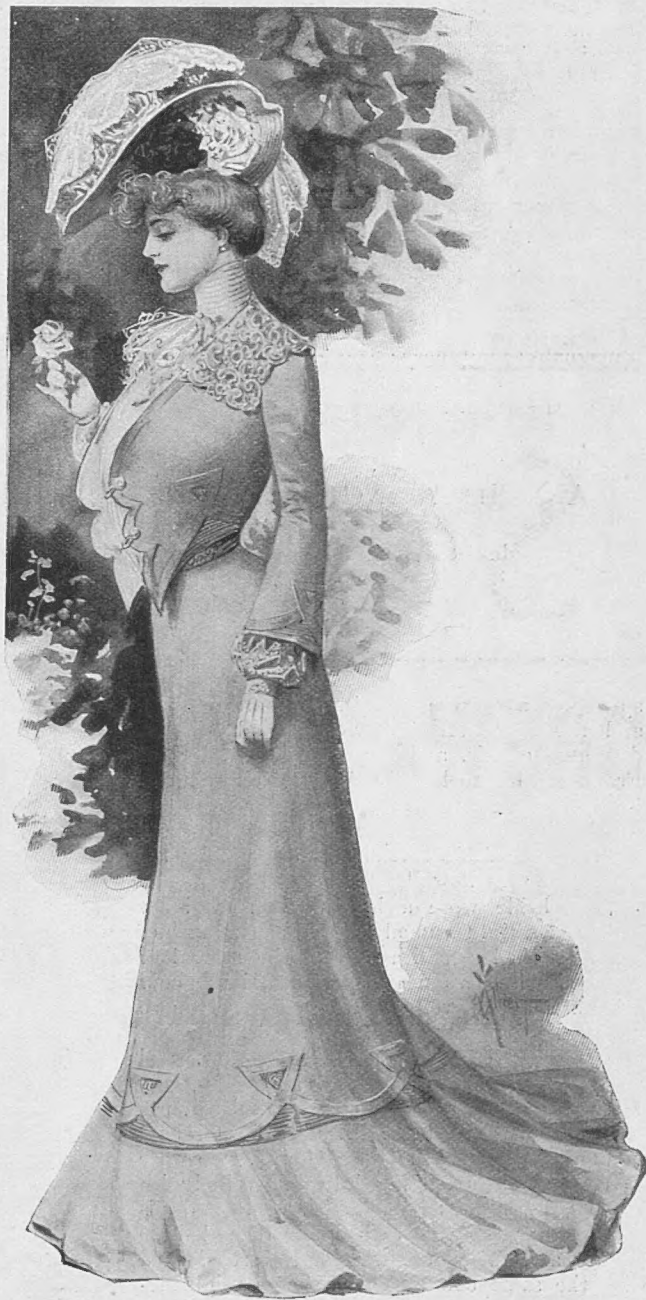
The Spring Meeting at Sandown was an occasion of delicious weather, soft, welcome winds, and pretty women—Thursday, more especially,



[Copyright.]

A SMART FOULARD GOWN AT ERNEST'S.

change of front on the part of our sartorial sovereign, and it is but by their scentless and never-fading quality that one recognises the simulated blossom in many cases nowadays. Pinks, carnations, purple clematis, stocks, heliotrope, and the matchless rose are imitated so closely as to deceive even the conscientious bee until he comes to kissing closeness. Once, too, it was French flowers only that owned any *cachet* of elegance, and the rude efforts of English workers in cotton or cambric were held fit to adorn only the bourgeois bonnet. But that order has changed, and our home workers now approach very closely the delicate manipulation and colouring of the artistic Parisienne. One sad little side-light on the industry shows us that this beautiful work is badly paid, and the poor girls of our lanes and alleys who spend their lives in reproducing Nature's loveliest works have nothing of the idyllic in their working hours, and while doing the work of the garden are bound in by the brick walls of the factory. Now, is there no kindly disposed woman with time on hands and money in pocket who would interest herself in the Flower-Makers of London and start a little League by means of which they might be given the



[Copyright.]

ANOTHER CHARMING DESIGN BY ERNEST.

when people garbed themselves as gaily as might be, responsive to the amicable atmosphere, while, as an enhanced condition of congratulation, four favourites came up to time.



The Duke of Portland was present, and saw his horse win an exciting victory; Prince Soltykoff, Colonel Neeld, Mr. "Billy" White, Colonel Alan Maclean, General Arthur Kennedy Ridout, Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, and Mr. Lionel Clegg amongst the usual racing contingent; Lord and Lady Foley, the latter looking slim



MISS LETTICE WORMALD,

MARRIED TO THE HON. CLAUD LAMBTON LAST SATURDAY  
AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.

Photo by Wheeler, Brighton.

and graceful in daintily made black cloth. Mrs. Leslie Ward wore pale-green linen with revers of Moorish embroidery on the coat. Oyster-white cloth seemed in favour, too—a greenish grey of very pale tone, which looks more than merely well on slender figures. This colour has been exploited by Riviera and Paris mode-makers lately, and will be very popular later in the season. In voile or the new silk crêpes it looks very smart. Dresses en Princesse with the new corselet waists were well represented and made excellent effect. They gave a well-moulded figure all its advantages, and several women might have been poured in, so

absolutely fitting were their corselet-cut robes. Friday's weather was still buoyantly fine, but there were uncompromising breezes to be reckoned with, so those who had read in their morning's forecast that the heat-wave had passed away, and brought wraps accordingly, were wise in their generation. Dozens of smart racing-wraps were in evidence, while the other end of the pole, the picturesque décolletée bolero, with capes of vandyked lace worn as accompanying collars, was also plentifully present. Sandown was, in fact, quite a reflection of Fashion as she is going to be wrote last week, and was on that account alone, not to mention others, instructive and edifying.

Apocryph of clothes, those who have not already discovered Ernest, of Regent Street, as a pre-eminently satisfactory and smart dressmaker and tailor should pursue the path of knowledge that leads to his door, for he is quite an artist of form and colour, as many of our best-dressed women are aware. Representations of his latest models are given on these pages this week, and well serve to show that Ernest is a magnate of millinery; while it may be added that the workmanship of all garments sent out by his firm is equal to their originality of design and good taste in colouring.

SYBIL.

## ANOTHER ANGLO-AMERICAN WEDDING.

AN Anglo-American wedding of some importance was solemnised at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on St. George's Day, the bridegroom being Mr. Malcolm Moncreiffe, son of the late Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, Bart., and brother of Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, Helen, Lady Forbes, the Duchess of Atholl, and Lady Muir-Mackenzie (who some years ago were always spoken of as "those lovely Moncreiffe girls"), and the bride Miss Amy Morehead Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Walker, of Frankfort, Kentucky, U.S.A. The church was beautifully decorated with white flowers, and the service impressively conducted by the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Andrews, assisted by the Rev. J. Baden-Powell.

The bride wore a lovely gown of ivory Duchesse satin, trimmed with a deep flounce of old Brussels lace, with veil of the same lace fastened with two pearl sprays, and the only other article of jewellery she wore was a superb diamond pendant, the gift of the bridegroom. She was given away by her brother, and attended by six bridesmaids, Lady Kathleen Thynne, Miss Marjorie Forbes, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Rosalind Watney, Miss Lena Graham Montgomery, and Miss Helen Gandy, who were charmingly costumed in white silk veiled with white chiffon and trimmed with lace, the dead-white being relieved with knots of pale-blue chiffon, and their large white hats were adorned with the same colour, while to each the bridegroom gave a pretty pearl "Crown" brooch as a memento of the happy day. Mr. John Moncreiffe, brother of the bridegroom, undertook the duties of best man.

Among the numerous guests present were Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, looking very

stately in black; Helen, Lady Forbes of Newe, also in black; the Marchioness of Bath, Lady Evelyn Ward, the Dowager-Countess of Portsmouth, Lady Moncreiffe, Sir Charles Forbes, Mrs. Blundell Leigh, Lady Margaret Watney, Lady Muir-Mackenzie, the Hon. Gerald Wallop, Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise, and Colonel Donald Browne. After the reception, held by Mrs. Walker, at Carter's Hotel, Albemarle Street, Mr and Mrs. Malcolm Moncreiffe left for their honeymoon, which is being spent at Ropley Lodge, in Hampshire.

## MARRIAGE OF THE HON. CLAUD LAMBTON AND MISS LETTICE WORMALD.

THE wedding of the Hon. Claud Lambton, brother of the Earl of Durham, and also of Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, R.N. (whose smart "Handy Men" of the *Powerful* did such excellent work in Ladysmith), to Miss Lettice Wormald was a very smart affair. It took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Saturday last. The bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. Edward Wormald, was attended simply by her sister, Miss Cicely Wormald, who was dressed in soft cream satin, with a wreath of roses in her hair. Miss Lettice Wormald looked charming in her white satin wedding-dress, covered with silver net, and a beautiful old veil of Carrickmacross lace worn over a coronet of natural orange-flowers; and the Hon. Francis Lambton, the bridegroom's brother, was best man.

After the ceremony, the guests adjourned to 15, Berkeley Square, the residence of the bride's parents, where they spent the afternoon in admiring the hundreds of beautiful wedding-presents which were displayed on tables in the large drawing-rooms. Chief among the gifts was a quantity of beautiful jewellery from the bridegroom, and the bride gave her husband a lovely miniature of herself. The Earl of Durham's present to his brother was two cases of table silver; the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch sent a canteen of gold dessert-knives and forks; the Duchess of Leeds gave some books, as also did her daughters; the Duke of Abercorn's present was an antique silver teapot and cream-jug; Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton gave a gold purse, and the bride's father gave her a magnificent diamond tiara.

## MR. ROBERT ANDERSON, C.B.

Mr. Robert Anderson, C.B., who has held the onerous posts of Assistant Commissioner of Police and Head of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard for a number of years, and is about to vacate these offices on the attainment this month of his sixtieth birthday, is a Dublin man, and the son of a Crown Solicitor in the Irish capital. For many years, Mr. Anderson, who is a "B.A." and "LL.D." of Trinity College, Dublin, occupied a position of responsibility in the Home Office as adviser in matters relating to political crime, and during the sittings of the Parnell Commission his name was frequently mentioned in connection with Major Le Caron, who communicated with the British Government through Dr. Anderson. Extremely popular with all his associates at Scotland Yard, Dr. Anderson, who married a sister of the present Earl of Drogheda, has manifested a practical interest in the well-being of his subordinates, and has all his lifetime been unremitting in his activities in the philanthropic and religious sphere. He has been a frequent contributor to the daily Press and the monthly reviews, and has published a good many works of a theological nature.



Photo by De Vos.

MISS AMY M. WALKER, OF KENTUCKY, UNITED STATES  
OF AMERICA.



[Photo by Graham, Leamington Spa.]

MR. MALCOLM MONCREIFFE, BROTHER OF GEORGIANA,  
COUNTRESS OF DUDLEY.

WHO WERE MARRIED AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 13.*

## THE MARKETS.

IT was only to be expected that the new issue of Consols would leave its mark on the Money Market for the moment; but there has been no real scarcity of money, despite the fact that the applications for the £30,000,000 offered to the public amount to between £200,000,000 and £250,000,000 in all.

Stock Exchange business has not been brisk, and during the last week there have been even less features than usual. Jungles, indeed, have been fairly active, and the long-delayed improvement in Ashanti Goldfields appears to have come, and Yankees still hold the field. It is pretty clear that the dreaded Settlements in the late Globe's babies will be arranged without as much friction as was at one time expected, and, as soon as the first of them is over, we think there will be a general "pick-up" in Australians.

We hear that most of the new Jungle concerns which are being advertised are getting their money from the public, and, whether this is so or not, there has been quite a rush of new companies at Somerset House, where no fewer than forty-seven were registered in one day last week.

Among Copper shares there has been a fresh introduction in the shape of pretty active dealings in Pena shares. The company's property is in Spain, near the Rio Tinto, with which company arrangements for transport have been made. The chairman of the Pena is Mr. C. C. H. von Siemens, of Messrs. Siemens Brothers, and the technical management in London is in the hands of Mr. Nichol Brown, whose great experience should be of the utmost value. One must not believe all one

## WESTRALIANS.

The brighter tone in the Kangaroo Market shows signs of remaining, although the public are still as shy as a maid of sweet seventeen. Developments on the Lake View property are turning out satisfactorily enough, and the advance in the price of the shares is justified by the latest news. Golden Horseshoes are a feature of attraction, the "shop" taking them in hand and hoisting the price over 13½. Concurrently with the rise in the market favourites has come a demand for the unduly depressed shares, of which perhaps Kalgurli and Brown Hill are good examples. We are enabled this week to give a panoramic view of some of the principal properties, and those unacquainted with the geography of the Westralian Goldfields may be somewhat surprised at the close proximity of the three properties shown in the picture.

Largely contributing to the increased strength of the Westralian Market is the new demand for shares in the Le Roi group. Gossip has it that a strong clique has been formed for obtaining independent control of the Le Roi proper and its three principal subsidiaries. So far as the case of the Roseland and Kootenay Companies goes, we are able to state that Dr. Richardson, the Official Assignee of the Stock Exchange, has been specially empowered by the Committee to demand all books of members which relate to dealings in the shares. Shrewd guessers will not remain long in thought over the object of this resolution, which has not leaked into any of the papers yet. Should its ultimate object be achieved, there is no reason why the market should not right itself, which will mean the dawning of a new and, we may hope, a better era for the Westralian as well as for the Klondyke division at large.

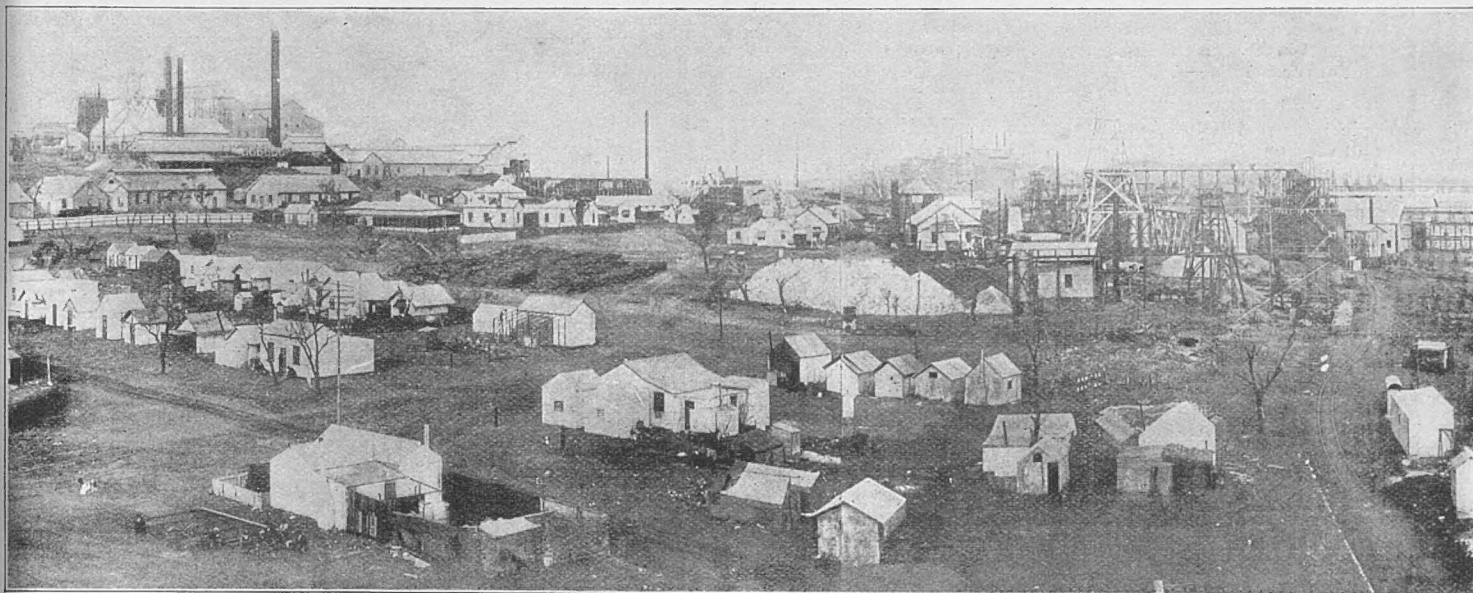
## ANOTHER STOCK EXCHANGE POST-BAG.

Once again have we received a collection of letters evidently written by members of the Stock Exchange to their clients and others. Once

Associated Gold Mine.

Central and West Boulder Gold Mine.

Lake View Consols Gold Mine.



WESTRALIA: A BIT OF THE GOLDEN MILE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAIR.

Boulder Perseverance Gold Mine.

hears, but there are said to be 1,700,000 tons of ore in sight, and, with every prospect of the price of copper keeping over £70 a ton, the one-pound shares are by no means an unattractive speculative investment at about  $\frac{1}{8}$  premium.

## YANKEES AND GRAND TRUNKS.

The boom in American Rails has now passed all reason and judgment whatsoever. Those temporary set-backs which occur every now and again appear to merely nerve the market to renewed bullishness on the day following the drop, and the dealers in London are at last beginning to grumble at having to stop in Shorter's Court until seven o'clock every night. For latterly the British public have been taking a hand in the gamble. It is nothing much of a venture so far, but perhaps the prelude to the extensive British buying which Wall Street must now be pining for. The dizzy heights attained by specialities will need a deal of maintaining, but we are bound to confess that there is no show of approaching slump in the market for the time being, while letters from Americans supposed to be "right in the ring" tell us that there is an even yet greater advance coming in Unions, Southern Pacifics, and Readings. Not but what we should be exceedingly sorry to advise a purchase of these, because the market is in such a mad condition that any sustained selling on the other side of the Atlantic would send prices down by dollars a-day. The professionals control the market, and it seems to us that the wisest thing for the outsider to do is to let them have the game to themselves.

Grand Trunks are gamely spurring with their American neighbours. The market in these stocks is a very peculiar one, and it is all to the advantage of the inner circle to keep quotations up for a while. A strong bull campaign is being worked, and that gambling counter, Trunk Ordinary, is being ostensibly bought for America. To those who can take a good profit on Trunks, we would unhesitatingly say, take it.

again we venture to reproduce a few of the more interesting, selecting those preferentially which seem to offer views or advice upon subjects of the most general interest. It was, of course, inevitable that we should come across something in connection with the new issue of Consols. We will start with one out of the seven which treat of the latest style of Goschens. The letter is dated a day or two back, and says—

DEAR SIR,—Your favour of even date to hand. In reply thereto, we should certainly advise you to hold your allotment of new Consols, since the stock is undoubtedly very cheap. In our opinion, occasional relapses may be looked for in the price, as was the case with the National War Loan when the instalments became due. There is, however, no fear that the stock will ever be quoted at a heavy discount, and, since you tell us that you have gone in for it as an investment, we repeat that our advice would be to hold it. In two or three years' time there is no reason why it should not reach a shade under par.—Yours faithfully,

STEADY AND SAFE.

In another letter dealing with the same stock, we find the brokers deprecating a purchase for the rise as a speculation, but suggesting that the existing Consols might be more profitably bought. They, too, opine that the instalment system of payment for the new stock may have a deleterious effect upon the price as the dates of settling draw near. But the general trend of the letters in our hands seems to be that the gilt-edged markets must gradually improve, a view to which we lend our own humble agreement.

Of quite another character is this next, which deals with a very vexed question. We must preface it with the statement that the writer shows distinct bias, although his letter has a good deal to recommend it. He seems to be unaware the Bill referred to has just been temporarily withdrawn. Our readers shall judge of the rest for themselves—

MY DEAR MR. SMITH,—With regard to your inquiries, the price of Metropolitan Electric is recovering after its heavy slump, but I cannot, unfortunately, disabuse your mind of the anxiety concerning the shares which you say you feel. The authorities at Marylebone are doing their utmost to drive the Company from



their midst, and some of the devices which they are adopting for the furtherance of their aims certainly strike at the whole root of successful electric-lighting enterprise by private companies. If the Marylebone Council's Bill now before Parliament should become law, we shall have municipal authorities all over the kingdom using the rates—to which the electric-lighting Corporations contribute—in order to paralyse private competition. Such a state of things can hardly be considered tolerable; but there the Bill is, and, until some settlement of the question is arrived at, I fail to see how electric-supply shares can improve. Otherwise, the market offers an excellent selection of high-class investments paying from four to five per cent.—Yours very truly,

A. PROTESTER.

From this indignant epistle we turn to another on a different topic. One constant cause of friction between brokers and their clients is neatly explained in this brief note—

DEAR SIRS,—In further reference to your letter of April 11, we have to-day made a fifth application to the Company for your certificate, but it is still not to be had. The excuse this time is that the directors are all out of town, and the certificates cannot be signed until two of them return. We are writing a strong letter to the Secretary of the Company complaining of the unwarrantable delay, but you will quite understand that the blame does not rest with us.—Yours truly,

TRANSFER AND CO.

One other point upon which there is much public misunderstanding is answered by a Cophall Court firm, who write—

DEAR SIR,—The fact that your shares are unsaleable does not relieve you of your liability for paying the calls as they become due. Despite the Company's threats, we fear that the directors are hardly likely to forfeit your shares so long as there is any hope of their being able to get the money due for calls unpaid or liable to be made in the future. There is no market in the Stock Exchange for your shares; in fact, one dealer to whom we applied said that he would be only too glad to give them away with a pound of sugar, paying the duty himself, in order to escape the calls.—Yours faithfully,

PAY, LOOK PLEASANT, AND CO.

When this bundle of letters was sent in to us, we made a private bet between ourselves and a charitable institution that there would be at least three epistles dealing with West African shares. The institution lost. There were four letters, and of them we take the most interesting parts of a couple—

—Pray be careful how you go in for the new things now being advertised. Really and truly, I think that the higher-priced shares of standing are cheaper than those now being rushed out on the top of this manipulated boom. Fanti Consols should go better, and I hear that London "Wags" are to be put along. The Special Settlement in the last takes place on May 2; after that, dealings will be for the end of the month—

From Number Two we clip—

—The people interested in Jungle things are too heavily "in" for them to allow the bottom to fall out of the market, as some folks prophesy. Should not advise you to plunge too deeply, but by watching your opportunities you might get into Wassau Deeps on a relapse. I don't think much of the Premier crowd myself, but, of course, the shares may go better, and, if you insisted, I should not absolutely refuse to buy them for you.

To conclude, we will publish a hastily scribbled note, headed "The Stock Exchange," and with no date—

MY DEAR JACK,—Hope you are having a ripping time. Only wish I were you, my boy; I always said there were awful disadvantages in being a senior partner. They are talking about the House presenting a fresco to the Royal Exchange as a memento of the Stock Exchange Centenary, which comes off on the 18th of May, according to the papers. B. suggests that the picture should be "— and — Making a Close Price in Gas Stocks"; or, "— and — Telling the Truth." If you have any other startling ideas, send them along, and I will put them forward at the next Committee-meeting. Give my kind regards to the Missis.—Yours as ever,

A. B. C.

Saturday, April 27, 1901.

### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J. W.—The securities were City of Dunedin (New Zealand) Consols and the same town's 6 per cent. loan, which is repayable in 1925 at par. If you want this sort of thing, you might buy Wellington Waterworks 6 per cent. loan, repayable in 1929, or Christchurch 6 per cent. Drainage loan, repayable in 1926, or any of the City of Auckland issues, the price of which varies according to the date of redemption. The Petroleum shares are a fair speculative purchase.

R. H. P.—The meaning of the word "Cumulative" as applied to Preference shares is that, if the profits of any year are insufficient to pay the dividend, it will be made up out of the later earnings before the Ordinary shares can claim a share of the profits.

AGRIPA.—Your letter is very confused, but, if you wish a proper investigation of the company's affairs, your only way will be to petition for a compulsory winding-up. You will have to risk probably £50 or £60 in costs, but, if you can prove half of what you say, you ought to get an order.

B. P. G.—You may buy (1) Lady's Pictorial 5 per cent. Preference shares; (2) Industrial Trust Unified Stock; (3) Any of the securities mentioned in answer to "A. J. W."

## "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" HISTORICAL FINE-ART PLATES.

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"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."

In view of the return from South Africa of a large number of our citizen Volunteers, we wish to state that a few Prints at 5s. and a small number of Artist's Proofs at 10s. 6d. each are still to be had; size, with margin, 18 by 24 inches.



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT IN FULL STATE, FEB. 14, 1901.

The Photogravure, from the painting by Mr. S. Begg, measures 24 by 17 inches without mount. 200 Artist's Proofs at £2 2s. each; Prints, £1 1s. each.

We regret being unable to supply any more plates of "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," and respectfully beg our readers to note this. We are now publishing a companion picture entitled "King Edward VII. Opening His First Parliament," and intending purchasers should order at once to prevent disappointment.